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THE PERSIAN INFLUENCE ON EUROPEAN LITERATURE.

An American who has grown immensely rich was wont to remark, toward the beginning of his career, that he never felt quite comfortable unless he owed a few million dollars. It is that way with literature. Few literatures become great until they have caught up, "conveyed," absorbed a vast deal of thought and art from foreign or distant sources. Take English literature. In the Elizabethan age the classical renaissance and the Italianate influence were all in all. Then, owing to the translation of the Bible, to the Reformation, and to Milton, Hebrew thought was dominant, and for a time the English people were hardly more than a tribe of Israel. Every man was a lonely prophet, and any neighbor who differed by a shade of opinion with him was a son of Belial. Then the gay and social spirit of France leaped upon the English stage, and literature became witty and shallow and conventional. And so it has gone on down to the present day. Looking at English literature in the large, one would say that its body has been nourished by a most minute half-pennyworth of native bread and a most unconscionable quantity of imported sack.

This being so, one might wonder, by way of parenthesis, at the stock attitude of English critics toward American literary work. They always insist that we shall spin our web out of our own bodies. "All we want from you," they practically tell us, "is the rustic murmur of your burgs, your backwoods mannerisms: we will attend to the large world-transactions in literature." This feeling explains their instant acceptance of all our oddities and so-called originals, and their cold regard for our greatest men. Andrew Lang, in his book on English Literature, finds that Poe and Emerson and Hawthorne and Lowell and Longfellow have grown too rich and great trading on borrowed capital, so he brushes them all to one side and sets up our excellent but not very poetic Whittier in first place. Now literary material belongs to him who can use it. We see no reason why

American writers should not follow the example of their European cousins and scour the world for inspiration or conquest. "Home-keeping youths have ever homely wits," says Shakespeare; and we fancy this is true of authors and artists.

But we must get down to our subject, which is the not well made out or much thought of influence of Persian literature on Europe. We all recognize our overwhelming debt to Greece and Rome. Latterly some account has been made of the riches we have received from Hindu, Scandinavian, and Celtic civilizations. But the argosies that floated to us from Persia and Arabia have hardly been kept track of in our literary custom-houses. Just to show what may have happened, it is asserted that one of the earliest migrations to Ireland was from Persia. "Erin" could easily be corrupted from "Iran." An ingenious Irish author wrote a book to prove that the Round Towers were built by and for the use of Persian Fire-Worshippers. And an Italian writer has traced the legend of Tristan and Isolde to Persian sources. But the question of origins is a baffling one. For aught that is really known, the whole human race may have come from that "high mountain cradle in Pamere."

The largest known influence which has emanated from Persia is that of the Zoroastrian religion—the dualism of Good and Evil, of Ormuzd and Ahriman. It is a dwindled worship at home; but it put its stamp on Hebrew thought, and hence on Christianity. It has put its stamp also on the latest philosophy of Europe.

To the Greeks, Persia was a thing of awe and wonder. They were always in opposition to the huge State, but always fascinated by it. The Great King loomed in their eyes somewhat as the Grand Monarque did in the eyes of Europe. The Greek leaders, driven from home by their ungrateful countrymen, found refuge with him. "Woe for Miltiades, suppliant at Persia's court; woe for Themistocles, satrap of Persia's king." A great part of Herodotus and Xenophon is devoted to Persia. Conversely, however, there seems to have been no return of interest in Greek civilization, even though Alexander overran the great empire. Mr. Edward G. Browne, in his "Literary History of Persia," quotes assentingly the dictum of Nöldeke: "Hellenism

never touched more than the surface of Persian life, but Iran was penetrated to the core by Arabian religion and Arabian ways."

For many centuries before, during, and after the crusades, a good part of Europe sat up of nights shuddering at the menace of the Moslem power. Mahmud and the Soldan must have been almost dominant figures of fear and hatred. The epics and legends of the middle ages, the Song of Roland, the Song of the Cid, the books of Knight Errantry reveal this preoccupation, as do the later epics of Ariosto and Tasso. Here again, however, the influence was one of opposition rather than acceptance.

It was probably not until the publication of Antoine Galland's translation of "The Arabian Nights," in 1704-17, that Persia as a literary influence is to be reckoned with. The result was shown immediately in the "Lettres persanes" of Montesquieu, published in 1721. Montesquieu brought his Persians to Europe to comment ironically on its civilization, and other writers followed in the same vein. Persian tales and apologues appeared in the miscellany prints both in England and France. William Collins's "Persian Eclogues" show the force of the new current,—though there is not much that is Persian about them. Voltaire and Dryden brought Persia upon the stage. Eastern Sultans and Sultaneesses, in turbans and waving plumes, were admired; Roxana and Statira were two of the most successful tragedy queens of the time. Lady Mary Wortley Montagu travelled to the East and lived there some time.

Then there was apparently a long lull of interest in things Persian. The East, with its enchantments, waited to be rediscovered. Beckford, in his "History of the Caliph Vathek," did rediscover and recreate it; but his book was too grim and great to be popular, or to turn men's thoughts to the regions of its scene. It was not until Byron made his first pilgrimage to Greece and, on returning to England, published "The Giaour" in 1813, and followed it up by a quick succession of poems,—*"The Corsair," "Siege of Corinth," "Mazeppa,"* the Greek scenes of *"Don Juan,"*—that the East of mystery and magic, of "fierce wars and faithful loves," of lawless action, was burned in upon the European mind. Tom Moore is said to have planned his *"Lalla Rookh"* before Byron's publica-

tions, but it did not see the light until 1817. If there is any truth in the early migration of Persian Fire-Worshippers, the Formorians, to Ireland, Moore's interest in this material is a curious reversion to type. Scott adventured into the East in "The Talisman" and in his last good novel, "Count Robert of Paris." To continue the tale of Persian influence in England, there is Tennyson's "Recollections of the Arabian Nights," which sums up the Occidental impression of the Orient. Then there is Clarence Mangan's fiery "Karaman," and two or three other poems which are perhaps even more vital in their rendering of Eastern character and scenery. Kinglake's "Eothen" is an excellent book of travel, which had a great vogue in its day. And above all there is FitzGerald's translation or recreation of Omar Khayyám. Many of Omar's quatrains are doubtfully attributed to him in his own literature; each one of them is a separate poem, and the arrangement by which FitzGerald made a fairly connected discourse of a hundred or so of them, thereby adding immensely to the effect, is unknown to the originals. And FitzGerald used the utmost liberty to cut down, weld together, or interpolate. Omar does not rank among the greatest Persian poets; and as the English version has taken place with the best English poetry, we are forced to conclude that FitzGerald must have put into it about as much as he found. Matthew Arnold's "Sohrab and Rustum" and "The Sick King in Bokhara" are of Persia; and Sir Francis Doyle's "Red Thread of Honor," one of the greatest of English war lyrics, deals with a Persian custom.

The Germans had a "follow on" in dealing with the East. The writing of Goethe's "West-Ostlicher Divan" dates from 1814, though it did not appear until four or five years later. Goethe had written a fragment of a "Mohammed" early in life, but it is hard to believe that his new interest in the East was not due to Byron's example. Platen, whose "Ghaselen" appeared in 1821, certainly followed in the track of both. Rückert's "Ostliche Rosen" came out in 1822, and "Freiligrath" was much later. Heine, who probably more than any modern reproduces the Eastern type of poet—Hafiz or Saadi,—dealt but sparingly with Persian or Moslem themes. His Orient was Syria or Egypt.

The French, too, lagged after the English in the new exploitation of the East. Victor Hugo's "Les orientales" appeared in 1829.

What is the value of Persian literature in itself? We are waiting for some authoritative critic to come forward and tell us. Mr. Browne's magnificent "Literary History of Persia" gives us all the data and much excellent translation, but the author is too modest definitely to judge the work he deals with or to submit it to comparative criticism. He objects to the "Shahnamah," and we agree with him that it is not a true epic. It is a gigantic chronicle of kings and heroes, whose record extends over many centuries. It has not the single action and interest that the even more gigantic epic poems of India have, and it seems to have little of the concentrated art of the European epics. Single episodes, notably that of Sohrab and Rustum, are fine. There are a number of Arabian narrative poems which have an immense reputation in the East, and which probably have a real evolution and concinnity. Neither Persia nor Arabia seems to have produced any great dramatic poetry. The Persian Passion Play, which deals with the sufferings of the descendants of Ali, is a national work; and the race must have other dramatic performances, but they have not risen on our Western eyes. The great mass of Persian literature consists of lyric and gnomic poetry and tales. Unless lyric poetry meets with an inspired translator such as FitzGerald, it is likely to remain sealed up in its own language. Perhaps Persia's best gift to the world has been the short story. This was perfected first in the East, and the myriad of splendid specimens included in "The Arabian Nights" have had a vast popularity and influence in the modern world.

The Spirit of the East,—what is there that distinguishes and differentiates it from the *genius loci* of any other region? It certainly has not the measure, the perfect taste, of the guardian of Greek life. It has not the holiness, the sanctity, of the Hebrew angel, or the goodness and unworldliness of the Hindu one. It is, in fact, thoroughly worldly, but fierce, intractable, fatalistic. It is wild, bizarre, extravagant, in its imaginations. It has wanted either supremacy or a haughty isolation. As the Caliph Omar thought the Koran the only necessary book, so the whole

race has been wrapped up in its own achievements. Except in philosophy, it has accepted no intellectual influence from without. Its cities, always the abodes of unparalleled luxury, rise on the edge of the desert. It is difficult to say whether they or the mirage pictures beyond them are the more unreal.

CHARLES LEONARD MOORE.

LITERARY AFFAIRS IN LONDON.

THE PAPER SHORTAGE IN ENGLAND.—MR. SAINTSBURY AND THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.—THE POET-LAUREATE'S ANTHOLOGY.—A VERSATILE WRITER.—MR. GEORGE MOORE'S NEW NOVEL.

(Special Correspondence of THE DIAL.)

A modern author seldom remembers how many collaborators he has. But we are now being unpleasantly reminded that amongst these are men in shirt-sleeves who cut down trees in the forests of Scandinavia, merchants in the Norwegian and Swedish ports, and sailors who traverse the heaving gray wastes of the North Sea. In short, the price of paper is going up. For obvious reasons the price of paper, like that of every other commodity, began mounting as soon as the war broke out. But recently the Government has been making ever-heavier demands upon the mercantile marine for the transport of troops and supplies; and the report that Sweden contemplates limiting her export of wood-pulp reaches us almost simultaneously with the news that the British Government is preparing a scheme whereunder our newspapers will have to submit to an all-round reduction in the supplies of paper allotted to them. Even before this, one heard of contracts for paper at twice the pre-war prices; the paper-makers (or rather the middlemen through whom they mostly deal) have been refusing to supply customers with more than enough for their current needs; and one publisher complains to me that he has been buying for considerable sums masses of old paper of odd sizes, and that he is issuing his books not in the sizes he would choose for them but in sizes determined by the paper he finds available. But suppose the authorities extend to the publishing trade (as it is alleged they are thinking of doing) the forty or fifty per cent reduction of supplies that it is suggested may be imposed upon the newspapers? I do not know what real likelihood there is of this happening; but if it does, there must obviously be an immense reduction in the number of books issued. Newspapers can cut down from ten pages to six. But a publisher cannot get

all his authors to truncate their works in order that the number of "titles" in his list shall be as pre-arranged. If it comes to this, we shall feel that the war's failure to evoke a large mass of good literature has, after all, been for the best! It would be too distressing if the country were brimming over with masterpieces which could not be printed owing to the shortage of ships for the Scandinavian traffic!

Meanwhile, to do them justice, the publishers have been "doing their bit." The statistics of last year's book-production show that, although the number of books published was smaller than that in any year since 1907, there were still over 10,000 new works and new editions, exclusive of pamphlets and such small deer. The unfortunate thing is that decreases are recorded principally in the various departments of serious literature; even books of verse, in spite of the war-poets and the many gallant efforts of lyrical subalterns, fell off considerably in number. This year the drop (leaving the paper question out of account) will be heavier in all probability, as most of the old contracts will have been fulfilled by now, and publishers have been chary of making new ones since war broke out.

Mr.—he is no longer Professor—George Saintsbury loses none of his energy with age; and in his new volume, "The Peace of the Augustans," he lets out at the modernists and at the decriers of the Eighteenth Century as Friar John did at the Picrocholians when he hurried upon them "so rudely, without crying gare or beware, that he overthrew them like hogs, tumbled them over like swine, striking athwart and alongst, and by one means or other so laid about him, after the old fashion of fencing, that to some he beat out their brains, to others he crushed their arms, battered their legs, and bethwacked their sides till their ribs cracked with it." One rather feels however, that some of his victims are Aunt Sallies of his own construction. The Eighteenth Century is not a lost cause. It was out of fashion when it was old-fashioned; it is in fashion again now it is antique. It was natural that the early Romantics should have been exasperated with those who thought Pope a stupendous poet and the regular couplet the last word in form; but sneers at Pope are not common to-day. He is read and appreciated for what he was: a great wit, a great satirist, a consummate craftsman, who showed occasional gleams of the highest kind of poetic gift. Is Fielding neglected, or Smollett, or Johnson, Addison, Gray, Cowper, Horace Walpole, Goldsmith, Gibbon, or Swift? On the contrary; in recent years as much

serious criticism must have been devoted to the Georgians as to the Elizabethans, and many men have even (to this kind of effort Mr. Saintsbury's writings have been a great stimulus) spent a good deal of time nosing about among the minor Eighteenth Century poets—Shenstone, Lady Winchelsea, Dyer—for fragments of the real thing. That the Eighteenth Century was a great lyric age, and an age principally addicted to intense observation of Nature is a paradox that will never be established; but the last generation of critics has done a great deal to modify the old conception of a sudden transition from poetry to prose and back from prose to poetry again. And the major figures in Eighteenth Century literature, its novelists, satirists, historians, and letter-writers, are popular enough now to be beyond the need of ferocious championship. Mr. Saintsbury, in spite of his unique style, is always extremely readable, and on old literature he is usually sound; but he has certain peculiar limitations when he approaches his contemporaries.

The Poet Laureate's new anthology, "The Spirit of Man," is an extraordinarily interesting book. To appreciate it properly you have to approach it in the right frame of mind. It is not an ordinary anthology of what the compiler thinks the best things in Art. It is a purely personal affair. It is, says Dr. Bridges in his preface, "the work of one mind at one time." He has gone through his library, as it were, with a pencil, marking poems or passages of prose, or even single sentences, in which he finds spiritual sustenance. He has, where such passages are foreign, translated them into noble English; he has arranged his extracts into an ordered scheme. To be true to himself and his idea he had to take every kind of liberty. Many great writers (there is no extract, for instance, from the prose of Jeremy Taylor, or from the poetry of Vaughan) are omitted entirely because Dr. Bridges does not find in them (though others may) that essence for which he is searching. He will include, on the other hand, a poem like "La Belle Dame Sans Merci," which, one imagines, no one before him ever thought of reading as an allegory of eternal things. He will take a fine poem of Sir Walter Raleigh's and cut it short in the middle; extract a bare two lines from a long modern poem; and reinsert in Gray's "Elegy" lines that the poet himself dropped. What is one man's food is another man's tedium; and not everyone will find in all Dr. Bridges's extracts the quality he finds in them himself. But it is one of the most fascinating anthologies we have had, and it will certainly

(besides fulfilling its ostensible purpose) do a good deal for the reputations of certain neglected writers like Gerard Hopkins.

Every considerable modern author has books written about him; and the boom Mr. Belloc has had as a commentator on the war has induced two young critics, Messrs. Creighton Mandell and Edward Shanks, to write the first monograph on him. They have not done their panegyric by halves. Theirs is a small book; and it would appear that, with space restricted, they have thought fit to leave out everything but the superlatives. But it is an error of the right sort, in this case and at this time. Belloc has not yet had his due here; and I believe—I may be mistaken—that he has had very much less than his due on your side. The growth of his reputation has been impeded by his very versatility. A friend of his protested years ago that

"Mr. Hilaire Belloc

Is a case for legislation *ad hoc*,

He seems to think nobody minds

His books being all of different kinds."

And if a man *will* write biographies, histories, novels, travel-books, essays, studies in the Art of War, volumes of propagandist politics, and poems of all sorts, he cannot expect many of his contemporaries to get a comprehensive view of his work. Whatever he is writing, too, he suppresses none of his interests or faculties; and it is possible that readers who take his books singly find too much of the novelist in his political and historical works and too much politics and history in his fictions. Over-hasty production has made much of his writing less good than it might be. If he had written no more than "Danton," "Emmanuel Burden" (the most successful satire ever written on a certain sort of Imperialism), "The Path to Rome," "The Four Men," "Cautionary Tales," "Verses," "Hills and the Sea," and "On Nothing," six monographs would probably have been written on him by this time. I notice that even the enthusiastic Messrs. Mandell and Shanks shrink from the task of constructing a Bibliography.

Mr. George Moore's new novel, "The Brook Kerith," will appear in the early summer. An edition de luxe will be issued simultaneously with the other—an unusual thing with a new novel. But it is an unusual novel. It deals with the Founder of Christianity. Mr. Moore has adopted the theory that Jesus survived crucifixion, and was stolen away alive by Joseph of Arimathea; then joining a settlement of Essenes in the valley of the Brook Kerith, a spot selected by Mr. Moore after an exhaustive personal inspection of the Holy

Land. Mr. Moore has not hitherto distinguished himself in the field of historical romance, except when he has been romancing about his own history. Whether he has made a success of this *tour de force* remains to be seen. But the mere avoidance of the stilted—and Mr. Moore could write about Moses himself as if he were his own contemporary—will be a novelty in a book dealing with so remote a period in time; and his refreshing and habitual avoidance of the obvious may be illustrated by the fact that the story opens with an elaborate description of the home-life of Joseph of Arimathea when a boy.

J. C. SQUIRE.

London, Feb. 15, 1916.

CASUAL COMMENT.

ACADEMIC FREEDOM IN POLAND has, with many other kinds of freedom in that afflicted land, long been conspicuous by its absence. If present conditions at Warsaw are as represented by a correspondent of the New York "Evening Post," and are more than temporary, there is reason to rejoice. Dr. R. J. Oberfohren writes: "The opening of a Polish University in Warsaw in the last months of the past year has not found the echo in neutral countries that could justly have been expected. A national university was the fulfillment of one of the dearest wishes of the Polish people. Under the Russian regime the Warsaw University was sorely oppressed. All lectures had to be given in Russian, Polish professors were few in number and under constant supervision, while the majority of professors and instructors were Russians. The students could only be admitted by Governmental warrant, had to wear a kind of uniform, and had strict orders to use the Russian language both in private and public. . . In the new university all lectures are given in the Polish tongue, by teachers of recognized standing in the Polish world of science. There are no restrictions for the students in regard to descent or creed. Full academic liberty, one of the finest fruits of German thought and civilization, is granted and appreciated by both professors and students. . ." That sounds hopeful, certainly; but whence does the re-opened university draw its vigorous and promising young students, or even its able-bodied professors, in these days? And even the lauded German academic freedom, though Germany has no Siberia for students and professors of too liberal or otherwise independent tendencies, is not quite all that could be desired. There are other ways of

fettering thought and its expression than by the knout and the prison cell. Nevertheless, it does seem a change for the better that this Polish institution of learning has undergone, whatever may prove to be the thoroughness and permanence of that change.

A NOVELIST-LIBRARIAN, or librarian-novelist, whichever of the hyphenated functions he most prides himself upon, issues an unusually interesting record of yearly progress in library work, in the "Report of the Chillicothe, Ohio, Public Library for 1915." Under the direction of Mr. Burton Egbert Stevenson (a name familiar to lovers of fiction with a plot to it and a detective or two in the caste of characters), the library of Chillicothe, a city of about 16,000 inhabitants, has of late years been rapidly extending its usefulness both in its own immediate community and throughout the county of which it is the shire town. He says in regard to the circulation, the recognized index to a library's vitality, that in ten years it "has more than tripled; in five years it has more than doubled; and the increase of 1915 over 1914 is 20,768, or nearly one-third. . . The total increase for the past two years has been more than 60 per cent. The increase in reference work and in every other branch of the library's activities has been fully as great." In round numbers, the 1915 circulation was nearly 85,000, which would be an incredible figure if it were not for the county work that for the past three years has been added to the library's city work. In respect to character the circulation shows some notable features. Fiction, as this novelist-librarian points out with satisfaction, though without derogatory implication as to the dignity and worth of this class of literature, enjoyed no monopoly of favor with the readers, its circulation amounting to but forty-five per cent of the total—a remarkably low figure in public-library statistics. But it should be added that juvenile fiction is not included in this reckoning; with that taken into account, the percentage mounts to seventy, not so astonishing though still creditable. That a writer of imaginative literature can at the same time be practical in even the small details of library economy becomes evident more than once in the course of this report. For instance, in order to keep within bounds the increasing expense for re-binding, Mr. Stevenson established a repair shop in the basement, where "up to the present time 1250 books have been recased with the use of flexible glue. These books are wearing splendidly, the process costs only about two cents a book, and it looks as though the binding problem

had been solved." To be at once a successful librarian and also the author of popular novels that circulate both in English (perhaps in other modern languages as well) and, in one instance, in Latin ("Mysterium Arce Boulé") ought to bring to a reasonable man some measure of content even in this world of unsatisfied longings and unrealized ambitions.

...

MR. TROWBRIDGE'S SUCCESSFUL PLAYS, notably "Neighbor Jackwood," "Cudjo's Cave," and "Coupon Bonds," are called to mind at this time in connection with their author's death. Though making no pretensions to great dramatic merit, these stage pieces, adapted in two instances by Mr. Trowbridge himself, with some professional assistance, from his stories, furnished wholesome amusement and were much in favor with amateur companies. Vividly can we recall the innocent delights of "Coupon Bonds" as presented by non-professional players. That was longer ago than one likes to say, and carries one back almost to Civil War days, when the story was written to promote the cause of the Union by encouraging its supporters to invest in the government's newly issued securities of the coupon-bond variety. Almost half a century ago the author made his first decided hit as a playwright with "Neighbor Jackwood" (from the novel of the same name) on the stage of the Boston Museum. March 16, 1857, was the date, and he himself has described his sensations on seeing the billboard announcement, "Tremendous Hit!! Received with Thunders of Applause!!!" This was on the very first evening, when he was on his way to attend the opening performance. But there seems to have been little exaggeration in these staring headlines, as the piece had a run of three weeks to crowded houses and was a favorite with the Museum public for eight years thereafter. "Cudjo's Cave" was dramatized by some unknown hand and first produced at the Howard Athenæum, without the sanction of author or publisher; but a loophole in the copyright law enabled the offender to escape punishment. These good old plays are now shelved and must be enjoyed, if at all, in reminiscence and in perusal, if indeed the time-stained, yellow-covered little pieces are still procurable.

...

A MUCH ABUSED PUBLISHING TERM comes to every city-dweller's attention every day and usually many times a day. It is the word "edition." The "Daily Megaphone" appears at early dawn in an "extra edition," at nine o'clock in an "evening edition," at eleven in a "6.30 edition," and before noon has struck it

may have issued its "midnight edition" or some other absurdly entitled impression of its slightly altered reading-matter. The French newspaper is issued to-day in an edition dated to-morrow, and containing the news of yesterday; and this practice is familiar in other European countries. In the department of book-publication the word "edition" has long been subject to notorious abuse. With some publishers the term "tenth edition" or "twentieth edition" may mean no more than that the presses have been stopped long enough, in printing the first thousand or fewer copies, to insert these words in the title-page; with others it may have more significance, perhaps even meaning "tenth thousand" or "twentieth thousand," as the case may be. But in general the word so sadly abused rarely signifies anything of more importance than "impression" or "printing." Complaints of the inaccuracy have been frequent, and several attempts have been made to arrive at some uniformity of usage in the matter; but the difficulties are obvious. The distinction between "impression," "edition," and "re-issue," as tentatively formulated by the Publishers' Association of Great Britain is as follows: "IMPRESSION: A number of copies printed at any one time. When a book is reprinted without change, it should be called a new *impression*, to distinguish it from an *edition* as defined below. EDITION: An impression in which the matter has undergone some change, or for which the type has been reset. RE-ISSUE: A republication at a different price, or in a different form, of part of an impression which has already been placed on the market." A general observance of these distinctions is something greatly to be desired.

...

A CRABBE REVIVAL showed signs, about ten years ago, of getting itself started and of acquiring some degree of momentum. It was in September, 1905, that a number of the Suffolk poet's admirers undertook to rescue his name from an undeserved obscurity if not oblivion by holding a celebration at Aldeburgh, his birthplace. This performance came near to being a sesquicentennial observance, since Crabbe was born a few days before the end of 1754. Perhaps it had been planned as a sesquicentennial and suffered unavoidable delay. However that may have been, no great results followed in the way of making Crabbe a favorite with poetry-lovers. Most of us have remained indolently content with such knowledge of him as we could get (in delightful fashion) from Edward FitzGerald's letters and from occasional quoted extracts from the rather voluminous poetical works. To Fitz-

Gerald his old neighbor was a most admirable and enjoyable singer of the placid pleasures of English country life. And now there comes to notice another appreciative student of "The Borough," "The Parish Register," "The Library," "The Village," "Tales of the Hall," and the rest of the metrical series bearing Crabbe's name as author. Professor Laura Johnson Wylie, of Vassar College, puts forth a volume of "Social Studies in English Literature," of which "The England of George Crabbe" forms not the least entertaining chapter. Readers of Crabbe are now so few as to render this discovery of a twentieth-century student of the leisurely, long-winded poet a memorable event. The only regret is that, while her essay sends one on an eager quest to the nearest library for Crabbe's works, there is not one chance in a score that the library will be found to contain them. Books and articles about Crabbe are procurable in some quantity at any large library, but few such institutions and still fewer bookshops can give you Crabbe himself—the more's the pity.

...

LIBRARIES IN LABRADOR form the subject of an interesting article by Miss Marian Cutter in "The Library Journal" for February. The theme might be thought to be about as barren as Snakes in Ireland, but pioneer work in establishing library stations and travelling libraries was begun by Miss Cutter and others, with Dr. Grenfell's invaluable coöperation, in the summer of 1914, and from St. Anthony, where Dr. Grenfell has his headquarters, many a book has gone out to relieve the monotony and cheer the loneliness of Labrador life. A large room in the St. Anthony schoolhouse received the collection of books given by various publishing houses and many individuals, and after a month spent in the necessary sorting, classifying, shelf-listing, and other preliminaries known to the profession, the library was ready for use. Of course it is a small collection, and the demand for books on the part of those remote fisher folk is already considerable and rapidly increasing as the joy of reading makes itself felt. Just how many communities and readers are served at present, and how many travelling libraries are in use, is not stated; but Dr. Grenfell's "parish" embraces the Labrador coast, the Strait Settlements, and all of Newfoundland north of the railway from Bay of Islands to Lewisport, so that for a long time to come no offering of wholesome literature adapted to simple tastes is likely to go begging for acceptance. Juvenile books are especially welcome, and in books for older readers large

print is appreciated, as eyes habitually focussed upon distant objects do not readily adapt themselves to the requirements of small print. Now that the world has heard of this "pioneer library work in Labrador," it will not be so very surprising to learn of similar activities in Greenland. There is no geographical limit to the scope of library work.

...

THE INCREASED COST OF COLLECTING, whether the collecting be of old masters, of antique furniture, of rare books, or of other objects precious and desirable in the collector's eyes, has more than kept pace with the increased cost of living; and for this advance the growing number of wealthy American collectors is largely responsible. The supply of collectible objects of genuine merit remains, in some departments, nearly constant, in others it is rapidly diminishing, and in few is there any increase at all commensurate with the increasing demand. In respect to books, the Director of the New York State Library, which has been striving against heavy odds to make good its late losses by fire, has this to say: "Not only have currently published books shared substantially in that increased cost which has marked luxuries as well as necessities during the past ten or fifteen years, but older books, those outside the trade and technically known as 'out of print,' especially of certain kinds, have multiplied in value often many hundredfold. Current books and periodicals cost libraries 20 to 25 per cent more than fifteen years ago. The out of print books, those which must be bought from dealers in special subjects, at auction, in secondhand book shops, from the duplicate stock of libraries, out of garrets, private collections, etc., have increased in value unreasonably, and out of all relation to the intrinsic value of the book's contents. This is due somewhat to the rapid and considerable increase in the number of libraries, but most of all to the vastly greater number of wealthy private collectors whose ardor in the pursuit of rarity or uniqueness creates a price which wholly loses sight of intrinsic value and merely measures the unreasoning, too often the ignorant and indiscriminating emulation of multimillionaires." Collectors to whom a book's price is a matter of no moment, men like Mr. Henry E. Huntington and the late J. Pierpont Morgan, Robert Hoe, and Alfred Henry Huth, have much to answer for to the struggling libraries that are vainly trying to fill the gaps in their several special collections. But, on the other hand, as Mr. George Watson Cole has recently shown, these millionaire collectors do, though chiefly with-

out any such direct intention, often prove to be, ultimately and usually after their death, the benefactors of public libraries.

LOVE OF LITERATURE IN THE BLUE GRASS STATE led to the appointment, six years ago, of a State Library Commission, which now issues its Third Biennial Report, a handsome and in every way creditable document in illustrated pamphlet form, containing sixty-eight pages of interesting information. As is stated on the first page, "the slogan of the Commission has been 'A library for every county in the State and free book service for every citizen.'" Of course the desired goal still lies far ahead, but that it will some day be reached, and then passed, the present record of progress gives encouraging reason to hope. Already the travelling-library system embraces nearly as many stations as there are days in the year. A glance down the list of these stations reveals some curious names, names that must owe their origin in certain instances to sentiment, in others to a nimble inventive faculty, and in still others to chance associations, sometimes of a comic nature. For example, women's names are not infrequent, as Bertha, Inez, Laura, Livia, Louisa, and Nancy; patriotism shows itself in Seventy-Six; geological peculiarities are seen in Salt Lick, Sandlick, and Paint Lick; the world's debt to Kentucky in one important respect is recalled by the names, Horse Cave, Long Run, and Stamping Ground; and notable for various reasons are the designations, Alone, Blood, Bruin, Cerulean, Eminence, Fairplay, Job, Lovelaceville, Nobob, Pactolus, Pine Knot, Savage, and Spider. There is nothing colorless or commonplace about these names, nor, we infer, about the people who live in the places so designated and who read the books sent them in the travelling libraries.

THE CREATOR OF "DARIUS GREEN AND HIS FLYING MACHINE" probably had not the faintest expectation that before half a century should have passed the invention of the gifted though unfortunate Darius would be perfected and in daily use, and that it would constitute one of the chief instruments of warfare in a titanic struggle between two groups of great European powers. But he lived to see this come to pass. Dying recently in his eighty-ninth year, John Townsend Trowbridge left behind him a bewildering array of literary productions in prose and verse, in narrative, imaginative, dramatic, and poetic composition, in works for the adult reader and stories for the boy and girl, such as can be found credited to hardly another

representative of his craft. He was born at Ogden, Monroe Co., N. Y., Sept. 18, 1827; attended the local schools, but was chiefly self-taught; lived on a farm until he was seventeen years old, then started out to make his way in the world, teaching school in Illinois and at Lockport, N. Y., afterward going to New York City and beginning to write for the press, and finally making his way to Boston, which has been the scene of his more important undertakings ever since. "The Atlantic Monthly" gave publicity to some of his more notable early writings, and "Our Young Folks," which he at one time conducted and at all times supported with a variety of successful contributions, could hardly have endured even for his short lifetime without his aid. His works of fiction, from "Father Brighthopes" and "Martin Merrivale" to "A Pair of Madcaps," make a long list; his writings in verse were collected, in large part, and published in a substantial volume in 1903; and the same year saw the issue of his highly readable autobiography, "My Own Story," wherein his friendships with Whitman, Longfellow, Holmes, and many other notable contemporaries, are agreeably chronicled. Not among the greatest of American authors, he is nevertheless among the best loved, and has furnished more wholesome and hearty entertainment in literary form than some that are reckoned his superiors. He has well and modestly said of himself:

"A flower more sacred than far-seen success
Perfumes my solitary path; I find
Sweet compensation in my humbleness,
And reap the harvest of a quiet mind."

STUPID LEGISLATION ABOUT BOOKS is almost as old as books themselves. Petty restrictions and ignorant meddlings on the part of lawmakers whose interest in literature did not extend beyond the daily newspaper have been what the publisher and the book-dealer have had to contend against with what force of opposition they could command, or to submit to with what patience they could maintain. And now, as if it were needed to cap the climax of American folly in this class of legislative imbecility, our chief city and the centre of our book-trade has distinguished itself by passing an ordinance placing book-sellers in the same category with pawn-brokers and junk-dealers, requiring of them utterly impossible modes of procedure in carrying on their business—impossible, that is, if they are to make a living by that business. A license, a bond, a suspension of business activity with the going-down of the sun, a careful keeping

of records that shall show from whom each book in stock was bought, how much was paid for it, and any further particulars of significance, also, as some interpret the law, a similar record of each sale, a strict avoidance of commercial dealings with servants or minors offering books for sale, and a cessation of the practice of visiting customers for the purpose of buying, selling, or appraising books—these are some of the grimly amusing features of the new ordinance as scanned by the amazed and indignant dealer in literary wares. If sad experience had not taught us wisdom we should be incredulous of the assertion that a supposedly intelligent board of aldermen, not temporarily insane, had sanctioned so ridiculous a piece of tomfoolery, and that a chief magistrate in his right mind had put his name to it. Is it surprising that the book interests concerned have entered a vehement protest?

. . .

A JANE AUSTEN CENTENARY CELEBRATION is proposed by Mr. Reginald Farrer, an ardent admirer of that gifted novelist, in a letter to the London "Times." It is of course "the centenary of her immortality," as he expresses it, that he wishes to see duly honored. July 18 of next year is the hundredth anniversary of her death, and it is suggested that a suitable memorial would be an endowment fund for the benefit of those unfortunates of her own sex of whom "she always speaks with a curious and unexplained intensity of feeling,"—poor governesses. At the same time it is proposed that a centenary edition of her works, including even the least significant and least admirable fragments that have hitherto been spared the pitiless exposure of publication, be brought out in sumptuous form and with every conceivable editorial accessory, the profits from this edition to go into the poor-governess fund. Another correspondent approves the suggestion of a definitive edition of the novels, but is not responsive to the appeal on behalf of the poor governess. Instead of the proposed fund, he would have the house where Miss Austen died, in Winchester, turned into a Jane Austen museum for the preservation of Jane Austen relics and souvenirs of all sorts. There is ample time for weighing all suggestions and choosing the best and most feasible, though a more unfortunate season than the present for obtaining subscriptions to the end in view could hardly be imagined. Perhaps the pecuniary burden might more easily be borne by the American admirers of Miss Austen than by her English followers; but are there many in this country who even so much as

open a book of hers once a year? There may be. Perhaps time and the correspondence columns of the public press will tell.

. . .

TOLSTOY'S LATER DIARIES, now preserved in the Historical Museum at Moscow, throw so much light on his mental and spiritual development in the closing years of his life that it is good news to learn that his disciple and friend, Mr. V. G. Chertkov, is editing these records for publication, and that volume one, covering the years 1895-99, has already been issued at Moscow. A cursory view of its contents has appeared in the London "Times" literary supplement, from which it is evident that much of the deeply reflective man Tolstoy ingenuously portrays itself in the pages of the diary, but that very little of the externalities of his life gains admittance to those pages. To them he has recourse "like a penitent to the confessional, that he may unburden himself of his backslidings, his failures to endure with patience the whips and scorns of life. There is something strangely lovable in his unflinching candour and humility." Not in any sense a new Tolstoy, it seems, does this intimate diary reveal, nor was such revelation expected or desired; but a fuller and clearer delineation of the Tolstoy already known to and loved by his readers does appear to be presented, despite the inevitable censoring and editing, the selecting and the discarding, that preceded the publication of such parts of these personal memorials as are now seeing the light. An early appearance of the work in an English dress is to be hoped for and expected.

. . .

THE FUNCTION OF FICTION, as well expressed by Sir Conan Doyle, is primarily to interest, and the fiction-writer has "some claim to hope that if he can but interest his readers he fulfills the chief end of man in leaving others a little happier than he found them." But like all desirable ends it is not to be attained without a struggle. "The life of a writer of fiction has its own troubles," asserts the same authority, "the weary waiting for ideas, the blank reaction when they have been used, worst of all the despair when the thought which had seemed so bright and new goes dull and dark in the telling." Perhaps to no one more sharply than to the imaginative writer does the eternal contrast show itself between the practically possible and the ideally desirable. One can conceive of even Shakespeare as giving way to despair at his inability to give his thought adequate utterance.

A FEARFUL POSSIBILITY IN WORD-FORMATION opens to view in connection with the newly introduced "preparedness." As a correspondent of the Springfield "Republican" points out, the awkward term is a Germanism and has a certain "rigidifiedness," an undisguised "German madeness," hardly in harmony with the genius of our language. It begets, one might add, a very natural afraidness lest it may meet with such acceptedness that we shall ere long see the adoptedness of many similar terms having little or no adaptedness to our linguistic habituatedness. The ending *-ness* has a certain manifest relatedness to the German *-niss* (as in *Gleichniss*), and it is true, without qualifiedness, that it can be very conveniently added to almost any past participle. Nevertheless this addedness has in most instances an undeniable uglifiedness, and accordingly there are many who entertain a firm convincedness that this newest Teutonic importedness ought to suffer, without delayedness, a peremptory banishedness, after which our present wrong-headedness might give place to right-mindedness.

...

A WORD FITLY SPOKEN is said, on high authority, to be like apples of gold in pictures of silver. Hardly so radiant as that, though extraordinarily expressive to the ear and to the imagination, is the word used by Mrs. Amadeus Grabau (formerly Miss Mary Antin) in describing the sufferings of her people in eastern Europe. "Goluth," she says, "is our own word for our own sorrows. And to-day, in the second year of the great war, it is the name of the bloodiest horrors, the most excruciating torments, that ever rent Jewish flesh or agonized Jewish minds. Never were so many of our men and women and children on the rack at once. . . Never was Goluth Goluth until to-day." Already the war has familiarized us with one Hebrew word, "Armageddon." Is it destined to make the melancholy addition of "Goluth" to our vocabulary of woe?

...

A FRENCH KIPLING, as M. René Benjamin is styled by some of his admirers, is one of the few bright and cheering literary phenomena (if it be permissible to call him a phenomenon) of embattled France. His "Gaspard," buoyant, breezy, and irresistibly amusing, the best work of fiction the war has produced, has received the Goncourt prize by unanimous verdict—the first instance of such unanimity in the history of the Goncourt Academy. It reflects the author's intimate personal acquaintance with just such strenuous military experience as falls to the lot of the "poilu"

Gaspard, who is now as popular a character with the French as Mulvaney became with the English on his appearance in literature. Gaspard owes his being largely to a wound received in battle by M. Benjamin, a temporary disablement that gave the leisure needed for the writing of the book. Further personal details that have been made public describe the young author as a Parisian by birth, thirty years of age, a graduate of the Lycée Louis-le-Grand, a journalist, satirist, dramatist, and novelist. His father was Ernest Benjamin, novelist and a member of the executive committee of the Société des Gens de Lettres; and the eminent veterinarian, Dr. Henri Benjamin, member of the Académie de Médecin, is his uncle. The author of "Gaspard" went to the front with his regiment at the beginning of the war, and except for the aforementioned hospital term has ever since been on duty with the indomitably cheerful "poilus" whom his book so faithfully and amusingly depicts.

COMMUNICATIONS.

EDUCATION AND WAR.

(To the Editor of THE DIAL.)

In trying to fix the blame we have been looking to corrupt politics for the causes of the war; but if we examine the facts more closely, we may discover that the true cause lies in want of education.

Politics are corrupt because they are based so largely on deceit, and they have seemed necessary because peoples are not sufficiently educated to trust one another.

Education, as we have understood it during the past century and as it is understood to-day, has meant the gleaning of facts, the stuffing of the brain with information. The growth of science has tended to make machines of us. In its mechanical and tireless search after facts, it has robbed us of our feelings and of our religion. We no longer have time for meditation, for love, for sympathy, for appreciation; there are so many facts to be gleaned! And we have mistaken the satisfying of this nervous curiosity of ours for education! We could not have gone further astray! In short, and in truth, we have been developing our brains and neglecting our feelings,—stuffing our skulls and starving our hearts. And just as long as we go on in this way, we need not dream of peace. We are barbarians still; cleverer, perhaps, than those who have gone before us, but, perhaps too, for that very reason more barbaric. The science of the nineteenth century we have applied to slaughtering one another in the twentieth.

Here in America our universities are sadly in need of overhauling. Our scholarship consists in the collecting of facts, and our teaching in trying to ram these facts into our youth. The higher the heap of facts the greater the scholar,—and often, too often, the poorer the teacher. The asset indis-

pensable to the university teacher is, not a large and attractive personality, not ability to teach, not a conduct of life worthy of emulation, but a doctor's degree! And what does the degree signify? Why, that the holder possesses his pile of facts! And very often the doctor is teaching for the simple reason that nothing else "turned up." Fortunate young men, indeed, who are privileged to study under *him*! And America is still the land of opportunity! The most remarkable teacher I have ever known was in the habit of saying: "Our purpose here at this school is, not to turn out teachers, but to discover them." Unfortunately the universities do not have as lofty an ideal: they are content with "turning them out." Let a man of power, an artist, a thinker, a poet, appear in one of our universities, and he is warned that if he wishes "to advance," "to succeed" professionally, he must lay by his dreams, his thoughts, and his songs, and gather facts.

We expect, and with reason, that enlightenment will come through education; but it will never come through what we have mistaken for education. There is danger in any extreme, yet we are persistently in pursuit of one. To rush to the opposite extreme would be no wiser; but it does seem as if something like a mean could be reached and maintained. We need better teachers and better men, less skull-filling, and vastly more attention to the development of the sense of right and wrong, of duty, of pity, of compassion, of reverence, of love, of beauty. We need to expend some of the energy that has gone to determining the probable origin of an adjective to rousing some wholesome human enthusiasm. If we no longer have the religion of our fathers, let us cultivate another. We need to *feel*, and to trust our feelings.

Education in the future must mean the training of the heart as well as of the intellect. When men will have learned truth, faith, compassion, and love, there will no longer be danger of warfare or need of international politics. When men have ceased to be barbaric individually, they will no longer be so collectively. Instruct men's minds and you make crafty animals; instruct their hearts and you make men brothers. Crime is intellectual, not emotional. An impulse becomes criminal only when perverted by the mind. Of all crimes, war is the most hellish, for it contains all others within itself. Peace comes of enlightenment, and enlightenment emanates from what transcends reason — the affections.

ALBERT E. TROMBLY.

University of Pennsylvania, Feb. 17, 1916.

MR. MASEFIELD AS A DRAMATIST.

(To the Editor of THE DIAL.)

I was very much surprised to see the amount of praise given to Mr. Masefield's "The Faithful" in a recent criticism in your pages. Reviewers have a practice, and a good one, of quoting significant lines of a book to substantiate their claims for or against it. I have a practice, in reading, of copying into a note-book lines that strike me as particularly fine; and in this play there were four lines only,—those quoted in the criticism:

"Sometimes, when guests have gone, the host remembers
Sweet courteous things unsaid.

We two have talked our hearts out to the embers,
And now go hand and hand down to the dead."

And what others could be quoted from "The Faithful"? Where else is the same beauty of imagery and phrasing? But Chikara and Kurano have *not* talked their hearts out to the embers. Far from it—you are not convinced. Nor are they or the atmosphere of the play Japanese. And what greater peril to a character or a situation than that you do not believe in it? The test question always put to the dramatist is: What right have you to ask me to imagine this thing happening?

And again, fine as these quoted lines are,—do we not feel that here Mr. Masefield is speaking and not his character? There is a notable instance of this in "The Tragedy of Nan" where Nan forces Jenny to eat the tainted pie, saying: "You shall eat the charity of the uncharitable,"—just the thing it would never enter Nan's head to say.

I consider "Nan" a wonderful and stirring play. Mr. Masefield has his unique theory of tragedy (which he sets forth in a note prefacing "Nan"), "of the exultation which comes from a delighted brooding on excessively terrible things." There is no doubt but that he is a "playwright trying for beauty,"—and no doubt but that he has found it in "Nan," "The Widow in the Bye Street," and his other very dramatic poems. But I do regret "The Faithful," and the earlier play, "Pompey the Great," where the old Romans are actually shocking with their ultra-modern English. Contemporary criticism must be a little generous for the sake of encouraging better effort, if for no other reason; but do let's be honest,—especially in dealing with such a man as Mr. Masefield, whose reputation is secure.

H. G. MONTILION.

Buffalo, N. Y., Feb. 22, 1916.

"OH GOD! OH MONTREAL!"

(To the Editor of THE DIAL.)

Correspondence at this distance means leisurely controversy. In your issue of Dec. 9, I attributed the "Psalm of Montreal" to Samuel Butler. In that of Jan. 6, Mr. Wm. H. Dall, whilst repudiating an excessive reverence for meticulousity, "in behalf of the dumb shade of the late William Henry Hurlbert" reclaims "the honor of its authorship" for him.

I do n't know where Mr. Hurlbert comes in. In the most recent edition of the "Note-Books of Samuel Butler" it is stated that Butler wrote the poem in Canada in 1875. It appeared in "The Spectator" on May 18, 1878; in 1884 it was included in Butler's "Selections from Previous Works"; and a MS. of it, which Butler gave to Mr. Festing Jones, is now in the Fitzwilliam Museum at Cambridge.

But perhaps it was really written by Francis Bacon.

J. C. SQUIRE.

London, England, Jan. 28, 1916.

The New Books.

STUDIES OF FRENCH VERS LIBRISTES.*

Of the six contemporary French poets dealt with in her new volume, Miss Amy Lowell is quite right in saying that they are little known in America, with the exception of Verhaeren, who has shared the fate of his brave country in recently deserving our attention. Samain, de Gourmont, de Régnier, Jammes, and Paul Fort do not figure in our academic programmes, and there is little information to be had in English concerning their personalities and their theories. The book, then, attracts the reader: the subject, the author, the publisher, and the price combine to warrant eager anticipation.

Those who have a fondness for the essay style will be the first to take up the book,—and the first to be disillusioned. The task before the critic was so to interpret the writings of contemporary French poets as to make them seem worthy of attention in America. The task was attempted first in lectures in Boston, and later continued in the stout volume now published. Miss Lowell is in sympathy with their work, being herself an artificer in verse of a new style, and has had the opportunity in Paris of informing herself of their lives, their aims, their methods, and their message. As for Verhaeren, he is in a class by himself: he is a strong personality, an impressionistic painter of Flemish landscape, and an interpreter of Flemish emotions; he needs neither Miss Lowell nor any one else to insist upon his genius. But for the others! The critic favors us with a few biographical details, such as can be gleaned in current French appreciations or in certain literary coteries of the capital. All this is very thin and lacks proportion. But the shock comes when we approach the interpretation of this modern poetry, and are greeted by the most fulsome praise and exaggerated claims. Our interpreter appears to lack all background for her estimate of the permanent value of these latter-day poets. As has been often pointed out, French poetry at its best is difficult enough for us foreigners to appreciate justly. But with Villon, Marot, Ronsard, La Fontaine, Chénier, Lamartine, Musset, Vigny, Gautier, and Hugo in our mind, Miss Lowell had a heavy task to arouse our enthusiasm for the poets of her choice. In this task she has failed. Despite her claims for them—now softly insinuating, now posi-

tively hysterical,—she leaves us cold, in no degree persuaded that we have been missing anything vital in the literary expression of French genius. We do not recall less judgment, revealed in airy vaporings and in careless style, in any book of the sort.

Nor does one have to be an academic fogey, bound by the fetters of convention, to deplore such a volume of hazarded judgments. For "the hair-splitting criticism turned out by erudite gentlemen for their own amusement," Miss Lowell expresses that disregard which artists often affect. But you, who are gentle readers, shall judge for yourselves presently of the unhappy execution of this attempt to exploit a literary field too little known. Miss Lowell has a perfect right to her own taste in poetry, and to extol the French representatives of it. But she must prove its superiority to other French poetry, which we admire and love because it has something to say, and the harmony of which it will be hard to equal. She fails to establish her case for three reasons: because she does not succeed in dignifying the philosophy of the artists she treats; because she furnishes us with no adequate background of the poetic tradition with which the *vers libristes* broke; and because her presentation is trivial and vapid, expressed in language which is intended to be captivating, but which causes in the reader the pain induced by a perfervid and too often slipshod style. The most valuable part of such a shallow book, as La Bruyère long ago remarked, consists of the lengthy extracts in the original. We may have our own opinion of the enduring quality of this sort of poetry; but that is beside the purpose. Our protest is against Miss Lowell's treatment of it, and our regret is that such a new and attractive subject should have fallen to the lot of such unscientific and uncritical appreciation.

A reference to each of Miss Lowell's essays will do something to warrant the strictures we have passed upon her irresponsible judgments. "One strange thing about Verhaeren," we are told, "is his true greatness. . . No matter what Verhaeren does, his work remains great, and full of what Matthew Arnold calls 'high seriousness.' The purists may rail, that only shows how narrow the purists are. A great genius will disobey all rules and yet produce works of art, perforce" (pp. 37-38). Again: "That Verhaeren must have married sometime before 1896 is clear, because *Les Heures Claires*, published in that year, is the first of a series of love poems, of which *Les Heures de l'Après-midi*, published in 1905, and *Les Heures du Soir*, published in 1911, are the other volumes" (p. 44). If there are no

* SIX FRENCH POETS. Studies in Contemporary Literature. By Amy Lowell. New York: The Macmillan Co.

other arguments to prove the poet's marriage, we are not greatly advanced in our facts; for we have heard of poets who wrote love poems in single blessedness. However, assuming that there is a Mme. Verhaeren, we are put off with this empty tribute: "No biographer mentions who Madame Verhaeren was, or anything about her, except to pay her the tribute of understanding and cherishing a great man. That she has been a helpmeet to him in every way these poems prove" (p. 45). Poor lady! Why drag her in at all, until someone has the rare enterprise to discover her identity? One envies the conscience of a critic who can refer to persons and facts only to discard them in this blithe fashion.

The second essay, on Albert Samain, who died in 1900, is more pleasing. The quotations make one wish to read more of this "graceful, timid, proud, passionate, and reserved" genius. In conclusion, our critic asks: "Have I evoked a man for you? Have I shown him as he was?" The question is a little disquieting, coming from a lady; yet on the whole we can answer "Yes." But the style is so lurid, so obtrusive, as to spoil the æsthetic pleasure one ought to feel when reading an æsthetic critic who is explaining an æsthetic *vers libriste*. "Paris lured him like the Pot of Gold at the end of the Rainbow" (p. 57). Again: "Little dramas, they are, sufficient each one to itself with a perfect finality. And the delicacy with which they are done defies analysis. They are transparent, hardly printing themselves upon the atmosphere, like egg-shell china held to the light. And yet what movement they have!" (p. 90). One should turn to the poems to which these remarks refer in order to decide whether this sort of thing is criticism, or whether it does not rather prove that one poet ought not to interpret another.

Remy de Gourmont, who died last year, did a little of everything, and Miss Lowell does well not to claim first place for him in anything but in "the æsthetic [sic] of the French language," whatever that may precisely mean. "But the way he has written, no one can surpass him there; and we, who try to write, mull over his pages for hours at a time, and endeavour to learn the lesson which he has analyzed and illustrated for us" (p. 109). There is little room for quotation; but we suspect that Miss Lowell, the poet, has mulled over de Gourmont, as she says, and that her own poems prove her discipleship. In "Sixtine," written partly in prose and partly in verse, de Gourmont "wishes to prove that the world is only a simulacrum, and the perception of it hallucinatory" (p. 111). It takes a

genius to realize that, and "the simple and ignorant public" knows that life is neither a dream nor a simulacrum. The Master has given the wondering layman a definition of *symbolisme*: "If one keeps to its narrow and etymological sense," it means "almost nothing; if one goes beyond that, it means: individualism in literature, liberty of art, abandonment of existing forms, a tending toward what is new, strange, and even bizarre," etc. (p. 119). The iconoclasm of the School and the pose of its interpreters are well brought out in the Master's further definition: "The sole excuse which a man can have for writing is to write down himself, to unveil for others the sort of world which mirrors itself in his individual glass; his only excuse is to be original; he should say things not yet said, and say them in a form not yet formulated" (p. 120). That programme will carry one well along toward extravagance, unless one have a strong dose of that excellent French quality of *raison*. Miss Lowell is likely to hear from other quarters of this choice "gaffe": "The truth seems to be that, to most Frenchmen, Catholicism is more of a superstition than a religion. I hardly believe religion, as we conceive the term, to be possible to the Latin mind" (p. 125). That is a pretty large order; but our critic has a facility for original announcements, learned perhaps from de Gourmont as above quoted. Such a statement may sometimes be made of one's personal acquaintance, but hardly of an entire race.

Of de Gourmont's youth between 1858 and 1883 we learn nothing, "as the only real biography of him I have been unable to get" (p. 110). However, we must overlook the deficiency, as again in the case of Jammes (p. 262), and turn instead to de R gnier, who "is universally considered the greatest of the *symboliste* poets" (p. 149). Here we have two pages of irrelevant family history going back so far as the sixteenth century, all calculated to show what a very aristocratic gentleman M. de R gnier is. The whole ancestry is perfectly banal, and could be matched by hundreds of inconspicuous families. We are amazed to learn that "he is one of the great poets of France," and that "he is an even greater novelist. Such a novelist as there can be only a dozen or so in any nation's history [sic]. Hugo, Stendahl [sic], Balzac, Flaubert, Zola, Anatole France, is he inferior to any of these?" (pp. 149-150). Well, most people would say so; but we are afraid to admit it, for fear of being condemned as a Philistine. Here is further appreciation of this wonderful man, expressed in wonderful English: "After four hundred years, not of

steady rising, but (much more difficult problem) continued arisen, this family has produced one of the greatest poets and novelists which its country has known. Seven volumes of poetry, fifteen volumes of novels and stories (and all, mind you, works of the very first rank), one play, and three volumes of essays, is his tally up to date. And the man is only fifty-one! Why! No stevedore could work so hard! It is colossal. And this man is a scion of an old aristocratic family!" (pp. 153-154). That challenge ought to have made old Boston's aristocracy sit up and take notice. But in France we have heard of a Voltaire, and of a certain Balzac who wrote quite a little parcel of pretty good novels and died before he was as old as M. de R  gnier. Really, Miss Lowell is so partial for this prolific aristocrat that, after quoting the Introduction of "Les M  dailles d'Argile," words fail her: "Is any thing in any language more lovely than that? If so, I do not know it" (p. 192); and again: "Oh, they are beautiful, these poems! I know nothing more perfect in any language" (p. 203). If anyone else does, let him hold his peace in the presence of this ecstasy.

The essay on Francis Jammes is our favorite. This poet has an attractive personality, his southern verse is so fresh and vital as to deserve to be better known, and Miss Lowell's interpretation is more nearly sane.

Fifty pages on Paul Fort, dramatist and lyricist, form the last of the essays. As soon as he becomes known, we are told that he "is certain to share with Verhaeren the unqualified admiration of English-speaking people" (p. 271). "Whether the proletariat agrees or not, Paul Fort is a great poet, a very great poet" (p. 323). Believe me! Again, the common herd must wait until the scales fall from their eyes and they are initiated into the mysteries of tortured language and figure.

The volume is accompanied with striking portraits of the six poets, which one is tempted to cut out and frame; it contains an English prose translation of the French poems quoted in the text—an example of pious supererogation,—and an extended bibliography, in which the publishing house of the *Soci  t   du Mercure de France* figures with suspicious regularity. The book belongs in the numerous class of trivial works on Paris, France, and the French, which are so superficial as to misrepresent the genius of the race they are intended to glorify.

It is rare to find a Macmillan publication so marred by misprints. The following were caught in a first reading of the book: "   le

pointe" (p. 8), "gout" (p. 62), "boes" (p. 62), "Provence" (p. 86), "tout se taisent" (p. 89), "Lecompte de Lisle" (p. 114), "parall  ment" (p. 117), "Paysages spirituelles" (p. 144), "lese-majesty" (p. 125), "Stendahl" (p. 149), "Melchior de Vogue" (p. 208), "on r  veil on dit" (p. 219), "fleurs" (p. 220), "arret  " (p. 231), "renassant" (p. 278), "th   tre" (p. 279), "assiterez" (p. 284), "nauges" (p. 298).

W. W. COMFORT.

THE LONG CHILDHOOD OF THE RACE.*

Pithecanthropus, the ape-man of Java, probably lived nearly 500,000 years ago. The Heidelberg man, represented by a massive jaw from the sands of Mauer, may have existed about 250,000 years ago, half-way between our time and that of the ape-man. The Chellean culture-stage is perhaps a hundred thousand years old. These estimates are not exact, but it is at least certain that the period of written history represents but a minute fragment of the whole story of man. Though each successive generation has died, the stream of life has been continuous, and we of to-day represent the fruition of many hundreds of centuries of ceaseless endeavor. Before such a record our preconceived ideas are shaken, and we ask ourselves whether some purpose dominated the evolutionary process, or whether civilization may be a relatively transient and accidental by-product, destined to perish because too remote from the broad deep currents of animal life. The discoveries of anthropologists do not in themselves form a basis for philosophy, but they necessarily change and color all philosophical systems. We had vaguely known that humanity had its roots in the remotest past, but now a large portion of that past is unrolled before us, and we are able to realize what man has been during by far the greater part of his existence. Fragmentary as the record is, it begins to assume reasonable coherence, and for a hundred thousand years or so we may even be said to possess a sort of history.

It is natural to compare the earlier types with modern man, and deem them imperfect in proportion to their remoteness from our standard. In reality each successive form represented the apex of development, perhaps at least as well fitted for its special environment as we are for ours. The ape-man and

* MEN OF THE OLD STONE AGE. By Henry Fairfield Osborn. With illustrations by Upper Paleolithic Artists and Charles R. Knight, Erwin S. Christman, and others. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

the man of Mauer were sufficient unto themselves, surely not mere models in the rough of something yet to come. Yet, looking back on the story as a whole, it is hard not to see what the biologists call orthogenesis,—evolution having a definite trend and a definite fructification, seeming as though designed. This is the ideal of progress, the most characteristic peculiarity of our species as it exists to-day. Individually and racially, we believe that we are going somewhere.

The late C. R. Henderson used to say that to him perhaps the greatest obstacle to belief in a benevolent providence was the fact of the late discovery of the microscope. Why had so many suffered through the ages for lack of the knowledge this instrument might provide? In the case of the earlier human types, there is no obstacle to the belief that they were living as full a life as their capacities permitted; but when we come to the Upper Palaeolithic, we find in the Crô-Magnon man a being with abilities similar to our own, and perhaps only inferior to us in lack of inventions and traditions. It seems an extraordinary thing that for thousands of years there lived a creature possessing inherent powers which could not find adequate development, which were destined to remain latent, awaiting the slow growth of socially inherited knowledge. It is Dr. Henderson's puzzle on an infinitely larger scale.

Professor H. F. Osborn, in his "Men of the Old Stone Age," has brought together in readable and connected form all the new and old information concerning early man, with an abundance of excellent illustrations, many of them the work of palaeolithic man himself, taken from the caves of France and Spain. From his long study of mammalian evolution, and his special interest in the glacial period, he has been able to approach the subject in a broad spirit, and deal with it as adequately as modern knowledge permits. The progress of recent years has been so great that all the older books are quite out of date, and the reader is astonished to find how much real information now takes the place of the nebulous speculations of only a few years ago. In place of a confused mass of more or less unrelated facts, we now have a reasonably connected story, not too difficult to understand.

In one respect even this new book probably stands in need of amendment. An important section is given over to the Piltdown race, discovered in the gravels of Sussex, and described by A. S. Woodward of the British Museum as a new genus combining the characters of man with those of the higher apes. This man or animal is considered by Profes-

sor Osborn as a side branch of the human family, which has left no descendants; but still more recently, Mr. G. S. Miller of the U. S. National Museum has undertaken to prove, and apparently with success, that the supposed new genus consists of a primitive human skull and the jaw of a chimpanzee!

Whatever may be the ultimate fate of the Piltdown race, the general argument presented by Professor Osborn is not affected, and the more interesting and important part of the evidence, resting on quite a different basis, cannot be assailed. The now numerous discoveries of remains of the Neanderthal race prove that this primitive type of man was normal in his day, dominant and wide-spread over central and western Europe. We have an excellent idea of his physical structure and of his simple culture. He was not our ancestor, but was displaced at the beginning of upper palaeolithic time by the true *homo sapiens*, the Crô-Magnon man, a type "which ranks high among the existing types in capacity and intelligence." The new race came, as wise men are supposed to do, from out of the East, and somewhere in Asia the true beginnings of our own species of man must be sought. A bust, modelled with the aid of the skeletal remains, shows a remarkably fine type, which would look well anywhere in the modern world. The good opinion thus formed is fortified and increased when we examine the wonderful examples of palaeolithic art left in the caves of southwestern Europe. It is extraordinary to see the hairy mammoth, with characteristic pose, drawn by the man to whom it was a familiar object. The masterpiece of the collection, illustrated by a colored plate, is the bison from the ceiling at Altamira, vividly painted in four shades of color. In a sense these figures are crude, but they are wonderfully life-like, showing keen observation and genuine artistic ability. They are as different as possible from the poor pictographs left by the American Indians.

The Crô-Magnon man was by no means the only variety of *homo sapiens* which entered Europe, but he was the most interesting. The modern population is extremely complex, but it is a curious fact that the present inhabitants of Dordogne possess the peculiar cranial features of the Crô-Magnon type, which actually inhabited the same region in palaeolithic days. There are good reasons, it appears, for believing that this ancient blood survives little diluted, and herein lies an additional argument favoring the view that these men of old were not inferior in inherent capacity to those of to-day.

T. D. A. COCKERELL.

STRATHEONA OF CANADA.*

Lord Stratheona—or Donald A. Smith, as he was known to several generations of Canadians—was a product of Scotland and Canada. Like his cousin, George Stephen (afterward Lord Mount-Stephen), Sir Sandford Fleming, and many another famous Canadian, he was born north of the Tweed, and in early manhood crossed the seas to seek his fortune in the new world. There must surely be some peculiar virtue in the combination of Scottish character and a Canadian environment, if one may judge by the results in cases such as these. Physical, economic, and other difficulties that might surely discourage most men, seem but to add zest to the lives of those hardy sons of the north. Where, indeed, will one find a more extraordinary story of sheer determination and will-power surmounting all obstacles, than in the life of Donald Smith? He came to Canada a boy of eighteen, and can hardly be said to have been welcomed with open arms, as he was banished to the bleak and inhospitable coast of Labrador, where he spent more than a quarter of a century of his life. Yet he lived to become Governor of the Hudson's Bay Company, Canada's High Commissioner in England, a peer of the Empire, and one whom statesmen and princes delighted to honor.

The service of the Hudson's Bay Company has from the beginning appealed to the spirit of adventure of Scotchmen, and in the case of Donald Smith there were special reasons why his thoughts should turn to the great fur country of the west. John Stuart and Robert Stuart, his mother's two brothers, and Cuthbert Grant and Cuthbert Cumming, her cousins, were all famous Nor'Westers. Their romantic exploits in that wonderful land of boundless plains and forests, gigantic mountains, sea-like lakes, and mighty rivers, with its countless herds of buffalo in the south and caribou in the north, and its wild Indian inhabitants, became familiar to their young kinsman; and it is not surprising to find his thoughts turning more and more to the west, until he finally made up his mind to answer the insistent call. He landed at Montreal in July, 1838, and after a characteristic interview with the cold-hearted but most efficient little autocrat of the fur-trade, George Simpson, found himself duly apprenticed to the Honourable Company of Adventurers of England trading into Hudson's Bay.

Mr. Beckles Willson, in his very complete

life of Stratheona, tells the story of his quarter-century or more of service on the Labrador, his gradual promotion to the charge of the important Montreal department; his visit to the Red River Colony as a special commissioner of the Canadian Government, and his exciting experiences with the leader of the Rebellion, Louis Riel. This visit to the west changed the whole current of Donald Smith's life. He became deeply interested in the struggling little settlements that were soon to develop into the Province of Manitoba, and quickly recognized the wonderful agricultural possibilities of the Red River valley. When Manitoba was brought into the Canadian Confederation in 1870, he became one of the first representatives of the province in the Dominion Parliament, and so began his career as a public man,—a career which brought him at one time or another into more or less bitter conflict with the leaders of both the political parties of the country.

From his visit to Red River may also be said to date Donald Smith's interest in the question of transportation, an interest which brought him into close contact with such railway builders as J. J. Hill, Norman W. Kittson, R. B. Angus, and his cousin George Stephen, and which ultimately had a good deal to do with the organization of the Canadian Pacific Railway Syndicate and the building of Canada's first transcontinental railway. There are some rather controversial points connected with Donald Smith's career as a Canadian politician, and a builder of railways; but it is impossible to enter into them here, even if it were desirable. On these and many other points, Mr. Willson's book will be found an admirable, if a trifle ponderous, foil to the somewhat vindictive though unquestionably clever biography of Stratheona by Mr. W. T. R. Preston. The latter pictures Stratheona as the evil genius of his country, or something very much like it. Mr. Willson, on the other hand, presents his hero as one to whom "more than to any single other, is due [Canada's] material prosperity and much of her political temper." Mr. Preston would no doubt put his own interpretation on "political temper," but Mr. Willson's meaning is wholly complimentary. As in so many other cases, the truth probably lies somewhere between these two extremes.

Not the least striking fact in the life of Stratheona, and one quite characteristic of his indomitable spirit, is his acceptance at the age of seventy-six of the important post of High Commissioner; and it was equally characteristic of the man that he should have thrown himself into his new duties with such

* THE LIFE OF LORD STRATHEONA AND MOUNT ROYAL. By Beckles Willson. In two volumes. Illustrated. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co.

tireless energy and resourcefulness as to transform what had previously been a rather cumbersome and ineffective office into an agency of tremendous usefulness to the Dominion.

These are but the broad outlines of a particularly long life packed with achievement, the details of which will be found in Mr. Willson's two substantial volumes. If one had any criticism to offer of his work, it would be that he has sometimes gone out of his way to enlarge at great length on the history of men and events touching only very indirectly the story of Lord Strathcona. However, that is a fault that has its redeeming features; and on the whole, Mr. Willson's biography is an admirable piece of work.

LAWRENCE J. BURPEE.

THE CASE AGAINST "SHAKSPERE."*

The "Bacon-Shakespeare question," which has been well characterized as the vainest of all paradoxes, seems to exert a peculiar fascination on lawyers. This may perhaps be accounted for by the fragmentary and desultory character of the details that have been hitherto accumulated concerning the earthly career of William Shakespeare and which lend themselves with peculiar facility to all sorts of jugglery and prestidigitation. The professional pride of the biologist bent on reconstructing an extinct species from a few fossil remains is as nothing compared with the zeal of a clever lawyer engaged on a case which, because of the unlikelihood of his circumventing the law, tests his ingenuity to the utmost. This, we take it, is the explanation for Mr. Greenwood's book, "Is There a Shakespeare Problem?" although he would probably have resisted the call to write it had not Mr. J. M. Robertson, M.P., and the late Andrew Lang seen fit to reply to his former book, "The Shakespeare Problem Re-stated."

Mr. Greenwood is not,—and we say this emphatically,—though he once was, a "Baconian." He resents nothing so much as being included among the "Baconians." He is an "anti-William," i. e. he contents himself with maintaining only that Willy "Shakspere" of Stratford (1564-1616), actor, money-lender, maltster, huckster, and realty speculator, was not the William "Shake-speare" who wrote the plays and poems known as "Shakespeare's Works." In fact, Mr. Greenwood's thesis is that "Shake-speare," with or without the hyphen, was not the name of the author of

those immortal works; that "Shake-speare" was only a pen-name or pseudonym, either for an unknown individual, a man of rank "who had reasons for concealing his identity," or for a syndicate of writers who published their poetic and dramatic effusions under this name, under some arrangement with "Shakspere" the actor, because the spear-shaking form of his name "makes an excellent *nom de plume*"! Why it had to be the name of a particular individual, especially of an individual not otherwise distinguished for literary achievements, and what the particular virtues of the surname "Shake-speare" are, we are not informed. Presumably, though we are not told anything about it, no other Englishman of that day had such a fine-sounding (?) name; or, if he had, would have lent it or sold it for such a purpose. Presumably, too, no other Englishman but the Stratford rustic, not even Bacon, would have consented—even for a consideration—to go through life with the stigma of having written such unconsidered trifles as "Venus and Adonis," "Hamlet," "Lear," "Othello," etc. Presumably, too, no other Londoner but this country yokel, whose only virtue lay in his name (which Mr. Greenwood says he could hardly write), would have agreed to have "a wretched picture and worse bust," a doggerel epitaph and some Latin verses containing "a howling false quantity," survive him. For of course these things must have figured in the bargain between Shakspere and "the great unknown" or unknowns. To Mr. Greenwood—so great is the credulity of man, especially of lawyers—there is nothing inherently improbable in the assumption that an uneducated, semi-illiterate clown, speaking an almost unintelligible patois, could be palmed off on London,—the London of Elizabeth and James,—as the author of literary works that were the wonder and the delight of the day. Does Mr. Greenwood really believe that if such had been the fact, some member of that illustrious syndicate would not have left somewhere a hint of the transaction, or that someone in that gossiping and curious age would not have remarked on the incongruity of a man so ill-qualified writing such works, or that someone would not have openly questioned the reputed paternity of those compositions? Not all the king's horses nor all the king's men can make us believe that. Furthermore, who can believe that the numerous writers of that day who wrote Shakespeare's praises, such as Meres, Davies, Scolloker, Webster, Freeman, Digges, Weever, etc., did not know the man in the flesh? Or were they all in the great secret? Aware of some of these difficul-

* IS THERE A SHAKESPEARE PROBLEM? With a Reply to Mr. J. M. Robertson and Mr. Andrew Lang. By G. G. Greenwood, M.P. New York: John Lane Co.

ties, Mr. Greenwood, unlike most Baco—we beg pardon! anti-Williams—is willing to admit that “Shakspeare” had some education, must have known a little Latin and Greek, had a few legal phrases at his command (as a result of his business transactions), and even had some—but very little—skill in penmanship. In fact, Mr. Greenwood seems even ready to agree with the Rev. Begley, whom he quotes without contradiction, that Willy cannot be totally excluded from the immortal plays (the poems are not included), and that he assuredly had a hand in “working at and patching up the various old plays he had scraped together.” Unless this means that “our fellow Will” was permitted to trim the manuscripts or bind the loose sheets together, we are to conclude that “Shakspeare” wrote the non-Shakespearean portions of “Shakespeare.”

If Mr. Greenwood's book will not convince the reading public, nothing else will. It is remarkably well written and very readable. His humor, his sarcasms, his adroitness, his personalities, his cleverness, the earnestness and vehemence with which he argues his case, prevent him from being dull or uninteresting for any unduly long time, notwithstanding the repetition of old and hackneyed data and overworked, if unsound, arguments. He is so shrewd in his analysis of some of the evidence, so systematic in the exposition of his thesis, so merciless in his exposure of the shallowness, the absurdities, and the ignorance of poorly equipped biographers and commentators, that scholarly orthodox Shakespeareans must give his book heedful note. If it were not for an apparently ineradicable bias in the question at issue—a bias which utterly disqualifies him for a genuinely scientific, objective study of the evidence,—a deep rooted, perhaps unconscious, hatred of “Shakspeare” the man, this would really have been a valuable contribution to our knowledge of the Elizabethan period.

We can conceive of almost nothing more unprofitable than a summary of Mr. Greenwood's counts against “Shakspeare” would be. There is not a single fact by way of commission or omission in the annals of “Shakspeare” and his family that he cannot and does not distort into an argument against the Stratfordian's authorship of the writings attributed to him by his contemporaries and posterity. To every point made by Shakespeare's biographers he exclaims triumphantly: “Just what we should have expected of Shakspeare the actor! But absolutely inconceivable of Shakespeare the poet!” Sensible of the fact that a chain is not stronger than its weakest

link, and that some of his links are very weak, Mr. Greenwood takes refuge in the analogy of a rope one of whose fibres is easily broken but whose strength is not thereby impaired. But every one of the threads in the rope woven by Mr. Greenwood is rotten. Speaking legally, we may say that no judge would submit a case to a jury, even where only a literary matter is in dispute, in which each single evidential item had been struck from the minutes as either incompetent, immaterial, or irrelevant, as would unquestionably be the case if Mr. Greenwood had brought his action in a court of law instead of in the court of public opinion. It is more than likely that after the presentation of his case a motion to dismiss with costs would immediately be granted, and he would be very fortunate if shortly thereafter he were not himself the defendant in several actions for libel and malicious prosecution.

Determined to retain Rowe's fantastic and utterly unfounded assertion that William was withdrawn from school at the age of thirteen to help his father, Mr. Greenwood accepts unquestioningly the general belief that John Shakespeare had declined into the vale of poverty about the year 1577. He gives the reader the impression that Mr. Robertson and the Rev. T. Carter are the only ones who adopt the “baseless” (?) theory that the poet's father was not reduced to a state of penury. But there are others—such honest independent investigators as Hunter, Knight, De Quincey,—who find the evidence of a “penniless” Shakespeare not only insufficient but contradicted by very positive evidence proving that John was fairly prosperous to the end of his days. Even Halliwell-Phillips repeatedly warns his readers of the insufficiency and unreliability of the evidence of pecuniary embarrassment. Rowe invented the story to account for William's “small Latin and less Greek”; and Mr. Greenwood retains it to show that William could not have had all the learning that “Shakespeare” displays. Mr. Greenwood's theory requires a semi-illiterate, rustic William, and he forces everything to that formula. Many of the facts relied upon by Malone and his successors to prove John's poverty are more than probably attributable to his Catholicism. An honest consideration of the evidence, by no means insignificant either in quality or quantity, will convince any sane and unbiased student that to the end of his days John Shakespeare not only lived in comparative affluence but enjoyed all those things that “should accompany old age,—as honor, love, obedience, troops of friends.” The stories of

his being a broken bankrupt and a bailiff-hunted debtor are figments of the imagination.

Mr. Greenwood devotes a long chapter to proving, by quotations from various Baconians and some orthodox Shakespeareans, that Shakespeare was "a man of the highest culture, of wide reading, much learning, and a large familiarity with the classics," and that therefore he could not have been the William who was (1) withdrawn from a filthy village school at the age of thirteen by an impecunious (1) father and who is fabled to have been flogged for raids on imaginary deer in a park that never existed, and who made a hasty marriage at eighteen. But the grammar school at Stratford, we have good reason to believe, was then one of the best in England; and, as we have no good reason for assuming that he left that school without completing the course of education there given, it is all but certain that he could there have obtained that knowledge of Latin and Greek — the only subjects taught — that he exhibits, and that acquaintance with certain writings of Horace, Ovid, Virgil, Juvenal, Plautus, and Seneca that his critics find. If he was he — and we see no reason yet for doubting it — we may rest assured that he loved books too much not to continue his reading in the classics after he left school. Others have done it; why not he? And there is no inherent improbability in the assumption that on his arrival in London, whither his genius called him, he found himself in an environment that induced him to take up the fashionable study of French and Italian.

We cannot resist the opportunity of giving the reader a taste of Mr. Greenwood as a logician and as an interpreter of Shakespeare. He adduces Hamlet's sentence, "Sense sure you have, Else could you not have motion," to prove that Shakespeare "was undoubtedly familiar with the Aristotelian psychology." To accomplish this marvel he tells us, after many flourishes, that according to Aristotle "the faculties of the soul are growth, sense (or sensibility), desire, motion, and reason. Plants have only the principle of growth; animals have sense as well, which is the distinguishing faculty of the animal soul. . . Motion implies *sense*, and an animal that has motion must necessarily have sense as well." Thereupon, backed by his "old friend Dr. Jackson, A.M., F.B.A., of Trinity College, Cambridge," he exclaims: "That we have here the true explanation of Shakespeare's words cannot, I think, be disputed." The old commentators, he informs us, could make nothing of the above passage, and Warburton actually proposed to read "notion" instead

of "motion," "an absurd suggestion, which [like all other conjectural emendations] several editors thought worthy of being placed on record." But Mr. Greenwood carefully suppresses the fact that modern commentators give a perfectly satisfactory explanation of Hamlet's words without resorting to Aristotle or altering the text. Hamlet, excoriating his mother for her choice of a second husband, whom he paints in most uncomplimentary colors, says to her: "Mental faculties [sense] you surely have, else could you not have feelings, desires, emotions, i. e. sensual cravings." The words "sense" and "motion" were commonly employed by the Elizabethans and by Shakespeare in the senses here given. For Hamlet to have told his mother then that she must have sensibility because she had the power of locomotion would be the acme of inanity, and wholly inconsistent with what follows.

A long chapter is devoted to the attempt to prove that Shakespeare the poet must have "received some special training in the law," and that he could therefore not have been the Stratford Shakspeare who devoted his time to killing calves in high style for the purpose of rehabilitating his father's fortune. Mr. Greenwood accomplishes this, as he thinks, by quoting the opinions of various "authorities" to the effect that Shakespeare thought as a lawyer, that his thoughts took a legal mold, that he introduces legal expressions "when there is no necessity for them and sometimes when they seem not a little out of place, or even inartistic, i. e. on occasions when they would not suggest themselves to an ordinary layman," that he employs legalisms in such a manner as to indicate a "real knowledge of the rules and technicalities of the law," and that according to Sir Sidney Lee and the "Encyclopædia of the Laws of England" he was "ever accurate in his legal terminology." Mr. Greenwood has apparently never heard of a book by the late Mr. Charles Allen (Attorney General of Massachusetts, 1867-72, and Justice of the Supreme Judicial Court of Massachusetts, 1882-98), in which it is shown that "Shakespeare" shows no evidences of a legal education, that his supposed knowledge of law has been greatly exaggerated, that many of his legalisms are introduced in a manner more characteristic of a layman than of a skilled lawyer, that he employs such legal expressions as a lawyer would never employ, that some of his plots are based on such bad law that no lawyer would abide them, that many of his legal phrases are strained, untechnical, and inaccurate, that his contemporaries, in accordance with the fash-

ion of the day, employed legalisms as freely as he did and that some of them introduced into their compositions many legal terms and allusions to which no parallels can be found in his works, and that many of his legal ideas are such as a trained lawyer would not be capable of. Ben Jonson, I may add, was not a lawyer, and yet he introduces into his works legalisms even more abundantly, more spontaneously, and at least as accurately as Shakespeare into his. "Shakspeare" had ample opportunities to learn the verbiage and technicalities of the law from his own as well as his father's experiences. Besides, there is evidence at hand, as Mr. Greenwood knows, that William may have been a student at one of the Inns of Court before he left (not "fled from") Stratford.

All recent "anti-Willians," following the lead of Sir Sidney Lee, treat their readers to frequent sarcastic references to "Shakspeare's" application for a coat-of-arms and his genuinely English desire to be styled "gentleman." To your Baconian, Sir Sidney Lee is as unimpeachable as holy writ—when he says something discreditable to William or his family. Mr. Greenwood informs his readers that in 1599 William had "with great difficulty obtained from the College of Arms a recognition of his claim to a coat-of-arms." There is not a particle of evidence that the Shakespeares had any difficulty in obtaining this coveted distinction. Furthermore, there is extant irrefutable evidence that the application for arms was granted in 1596, not in 1599. But Mr. Greenwood prefers to accept the latter date, so as to create or heighten the probability that William Shakespeare was caricatured by Jonson in the person of the ridiculous Sogliardo (in "Every Man Out of His Humour," 1600) who obtained a coat-of-arms "after much toil 'among the harrots.'" If Jonson had intended maliciously to allude to Shakespeare's coat-of-arms he would not have waited till 1600, three and a half years after the grant, to do so. To further heighten the assumed resemblance between Shakespeare and Sogliardo, Mr. Greenwood translates the latter's motto, "Not without Mustard," into the French, "Non sans Moutarde," a form in which it never occurs in Jonson's play. Heraldic mottoes with the words "Not without" were very common in England and Scotland, but they were almost invariably rendered "Sine," not "Non sans." Mr. Greenwood's assertion that it is now generally admitted that in "Every Man Out of His Humour" Jonson has a hit at Shakespeare is, to say the least, an exaggeration.

Sir Sidney Lee's wretched account of fraud

and trickery on the part of William, his father, and the officials of the College is, of course, accepted in its entirety by Mr. Greenwood, notwithstanding that there is not a word of truth in it. All that I said on this subject in my review of Mr. Baxter's book (*THE DIAL*, Dec. 9, 1915) applies *verbatim* to the book now under consideration.

Mr. Greenwood goes beyond recent Baconians and Shakespeare biographers in his comments on a subject that has received but little attention at their hands. He says: "John Shakspeare had made [an application to the Heralds' College] once before, viz. in 1568, while he was bailiff of Stratford, supporting it by numerous fictions concerning his family. The negotiations of 1568, however, proved abortive." Mr. Greenwood's confident assertion that this application "proved abortive" is founded on Sir Sidney Lee's opinion that "otherwise there would have been no necessity for the further action of 1596." Inasmuch as this matter has not hitherto been elucidated, and as it furnishes an excellent illustration of the slovenliness with which Shakespeare's biography has been written, we append the following explanatory comments.

The 1568 application for a coat-of-arms is not known to be in existence. Mr. Greenwood's confident assertion, therefore, that this application was based on "numerous fictions concerning his [John's] family" is mere fiction. Whether the 1568 transaction proved abortive remains to be seen. In 1599 the heralds made the assertion that "John Shakspeare [*sic*] produce this his Auneient Cote of Arms heretofore Assigned to him whilest he was her ma'tes officer & Baylife of [Stratford]." In the second (1596) draft, a memorandum asserts that "This John sent A patierne thereof under Clarent Cooks hand in papor," i. e. that John Shakspeare presented a draft of the wished-for coat drawn and written by Robert Cook, Clarencieux. This is all we know about the matter. Halliwell-Phillips was of the opinion that "no grant of arms was made to John Shakespeare before 1597, for he is called 'yeoman' in a [Latin] deed dated [early] in that year." But this is more than offset by the fact that after 1568, the year of his bailiffship, John was almost invariably accorded the honorable addition of "Master" in the Corporation Records, in the Parish Register, and in private documents; and in 1580 he was included in "A Booke of the names and Dwelling places of the Gentlemen and Freeholders in the Countie of Warwick."

In the absence of the least particle of evidence to the contrary, the assertions of the

heralds concerning the early (1568) arms are entitled to be regarded as truths emanating from the highest authority. Fortunately for the lovers of the dramatist-poet, John Shakespeare applied for arms at the very time when the College must have been particularly free from all possibility of corruption. During the years 1593-5, the quarrels of Dethick, Camden, and Brooke, involving all the officers of the College in their angry accusations and recriminations, reached such enormous proportions that, in order to save the College from utter ruin, the Queen was compelled to interfere. She commissioned Lord Treasurer Burghley, Lord Howard, and Lord Hunsdon to take full charge of the College. For the purpose of correcting the abuses complained of, and of restoring order among the heralds, Sir Edward Hobby and Sir George Carew were then authorized to draw up a set of ordinances for the government of the officers of the College. These lords rendered their report on September 28, 1596,—less than a month prior to the date of the 1596 Shakespeare drafts. At such a time the heralds would not be likely to imperil their positions by referring to a non-existent draft or patent in Cook's hand.

Why, Mr. Greenwood may ask, was it necessary for John Shakespeare to apply for a coat-of-arms in 1596 if one was granted him some twenty-seven years before? The answer to this question we conceive to be as follows: In 1568 John Shakespeare was elevated by his fellow burgesses to the honorable position of "bailiff and justice of the peace" of the incorporated borough of Stratford, and by virtue of that office he achieved the social grade of "gentleman" for the rest of his life. The effect of municipal honors and dignities to advance a yeoman to the rank of gentry and to entitle him to coat armor was a noteworthy feature of the political system of the England of the sixteenth century. Sir John Ferne ("The blazon of gentrie"), writing in 1586, says:

"If any person be advanced into an office or dignity of publique administration . . . the Herald must not refuse to devise to such a publique person, upon his instant request, and willingness to bear the same without reproche, a Coate of Armes, and thenceforth to matriculate him with his intermarriages and issues descending in the Register of the gentle and noble. . . In the Civil or Political State divers Offices of dignitie and worship doe merite Coates of Armes to the possessours of the same Offices, as . . . Bailiffs of Cities and ancient Boroughs or incorporated townes."

Sir William Camden, one of the very highest authorities on matters of Heraldry, informs

us that there were in England four sorts of Esquires, one of them being "Esquires by virtue of their offices, as justices of the peace." Smithurst and other old writers on Heraldry speak to the same effect. So that John Shakespeare may very well have applied to Robert Cook for a coat-of-arms in consideration of his prosperous circumstances and the important offices he held, and obtained his request.

From Professor Christian, quoted in various editions of Blackstone's Commentaries, we learn that those who achieved armorial insignia by virtue of public office had a right to that distinction for life. By 1596 John Shakespeare was retired from business, his son was winning renown in the literary and dramatic world and was acquiring wealth. Being apprised of William's intention to purchase New Place, the second best house in Stratford, the thought occurred to Master Shakespeare, former Bailiff, Justice of the Peace, and Chief Alderman, that now was the time to elevate the family in the social scale, preserve to posterity a record of the achievements of his ancestors, and perpetuate his own distinguished career. Having succeeded in this, he subsequently, in 1599, applied for permission to impale the arms of Arden with those of Shakespeare, so as to perpetuate the gentle descent of his wife; but for some unknown reason the transaction was not completed. In all this there was absolutely nothing to be ashamed of, and nothing inconsistent with the poetic genius of William "Shakspeare."

SAMUEL A. TANNENBAUM.

ECONOMIC INFLUENCES IN THE FORMATION OF AMERICAN PARTIES.*

Notwithstanding the protests of some churchmen against the giving over of all history to the heartless hand of "economic determinism," and of the disciples of Freeman against the neglect of "past politics," the school of historians who believe in the "economic interpretation of history" is steadily gaining in strength. The fact is that practically all of our historians have belonged to this school, though some do not realize it and some would deny it. Even the high-sounding phrases of Bancroft about rights and liberty and patriotism mean little more than that the colonists fought England because they believed it to be to their economic interest to do so. One does not have to go outside of Hil-dreth to find that the struggle between the Federalists and the Republicans was in real-

* ECONOMIC ORIGINS OF JEFFERSONIAN DEMOCRACY. By Charles A. Beard. New York: The Macmillan Co.

ity based upon conflicting economic interests. The whole course of our tariff controversies, from 1789 to 1913, is nothing but the struggle of conflicting interests.

The difference is simply this: In the older historians the conflict of economic interests is a mere incident, often a subordinate one, which we only read about between the lines made luminous by the heat of conflict over the Constitution, the sacredness of the Union, and things of like character. On the other hand, the historians of the newer school put the economic phase of the conflict in bold-face type at the head of the paragraph, and then back this up with a strong array of facts. The makers of history are also reducing it to an economic basis, demanding that our education be made "practical,"—that is, made to serve the economic needs of the people.

One of the most enthusiastic and determined of the economic interpreters is Professor Charles A. Beard, whose "Economic Interpretation of the Constitution" appeared more than two years ago. The method used in this earlier volume has now been followed in tracing the economic influences back of the formation of parties. In his earlier volume, the author reached the conclusion that the Constitution "was a product of a struggle between capitalistic and agrarian interests," the financiers, public creditors, traders, manufacturers, and allied groups being for it, the farmers and debtors being prominent among the opponents. This line of cleavage, he says, never was obliterated, and marks the real line of difference between the Federalists and the Jeffersonian Republicans,—a view which runs counter to that of some other investigators of this period.

In proof of this thesis, Professor Beard submits an array of evidence. One is that maps showing a political reversal in certain localities between 1788 and 1800 are untrustworthy, owing to the large increase in the vote. For example, in Boston only 760 voted to express themselves on the adoption of the Constitution, but more than 3000 voted in 1800. In several places every man who voted in 1788 might have supported Adams, and still Jefferson would have won. Men of that day thought that parties were growing up, and lamented this fact. No member of the convention who opposed the Constitution ever went into the Federalist camp, while six opponents went into the Republican camp and later were joined by twelve who had favored adoption.

Hamilton was the high priest of the Federalists. His theory was that men could be

governed only by force or interest. Force was out of the question in America. With the gradual development of his fiscal policy, the line of cleavage was brought into bolder relief, for men began to align themselves according to their interests. From the musty records of the treasury department, hitherto little used, Professor Beard has shown that of the fourteen senators who voted for the funding bill, eleven were security holders. Of the twelve who voted against it, five were security holders, but three held only small amounts. Of the thirty-two representatives who voted for assumption of the state debts, twenty-one were security holders, while only eight known security holders voted against it,—these latter, with one or two exceptions, coming from states where the holdings amounted to very little.

An examination of the Republican and Federalist controversial literature of the period also leads to the conclusion that economic interests were at the bottom of party divisions. The writers do indeed name political differences; but even such authorities as John Taylor and John Marshall, representatives of the different parties, speak of the division as due to the conflict between the capitalistic and the agrarian classes.

That economic interests were largely instrumental in causing divisions on foreign affairs has been pretty well recognized; yet even here Professor Beard sheds new light, especially in showing why Virginia, which imported more goods than New York or most of New England, opposed the Jay treaty and, in general, sided against England.

In the "great battle of 1800" the question of personal freedom, which had been threatened by the alien and sedition laws, undoubtedly played a part; but both parties frankly fought on the economic issue. That, in general, the line of division left "wealth and talent" on one side, and the agrarian interests on the other, is shown by conclusive evidence drawn from all sorts of sources, such as histories, monographs, pamphlets, newspapers, manuscripts, and election returns in many localities. Even the Southern slaveholders needed to be assured that they had nothing to fear from Jefferson, who was known to be an abolitionist.

What is the significance of all this ruthless iconoclasm? Are we to believe that the Fathers were utterly sordid and corrupt, seeking only the advancement of their own interests? By no means. It is yet to be proved that they were any more self-seeking than are the statesmen of to-day. Many of them had an eye to the main chance in the

funding and bank bills; but who will deny that the country profited immensely through these acts? It would be very difficult indeed to prove that the Fathers profited more in proportion than later statesmen who voted for their own and their country's welfare in many ways,—for example, in the bills for Pacific railroads and in tariff bills for the protection of "infant industries." At least they were not "eating one another," as Jefferson said they were doing in Europe, where persons were "piled upon one another in large cities," and as we would be doing here if that condition arose.

DAVID Y. THOMAS.

RECENT FICTION.*

The novels for 1916 have begun long before one has finished the novels of 1915, and in plunging into them one must leave unnoticed many good things of the year gone by. If the first appearances are any sign of the season, the coming year is going to be a strenuous one. Mr. H. K. Webster in "The Real Adventure," and Mr. W. L. George in "The Strangers' Wedding," have both published books on the subject of marriage,—books with an idea, "books that make you think," as they say now, or rather did a few years ago. The reader must not only enjoy the bounty as he may find it, but he must also regulate or rearrange his notions of sociology. This last is, of course, not so hard, for presumably few of us have anything in the way of sociological notions more definitely fixed than the bits of glass in a kaleidoscope, so that a few shakes do not mean as much as might seem.

It will be a new experience to many to meet with Mr. Webster as a real "student of the great problems of our day," or whatever else one likes to call people who do what he is doing now. And it is otherwise hard to give him a fair chance in reading his new book, for it comes before us so enswathed in bewildering advertisement and iridescent publicity that the real thing is not obvious. Nor under the best of circumstances is the real Webster obvious, for he has been developing his literary ability for the last ten or a dozen years, in conditions which to a lesser man would surely have been fatal. He began with a fine and original idea,—namely, that in the great industrial enterprises of the America of our day might be found material for true ro-

mance. That true romance neither he nor any of his numerous followers has succeeded in putting into lasting form; and failing (it would seem) to realize his early ideal, Mr. Webster has thrown himself into the current possibilities of bookmaking with a success that may be as gratifying to him as it has been to thousands of admirers. Now, however, he seems to collect himself and make a try at something which he thinks more worth while. If a man can succeed in such an effort, his success should certainly have a hearty welcome.

Everyone knows that Mr. Webster has very great ability in seeing interesting possibilities in the confusions of current life, and in telling a story so that one will want to read it to the end. It is perhaps less generally recognized that he has no especial gift for conceiving and rendering character, or for suggesting the spirit of time and place. In "The Real Adventure" he takes himself much as he is; his book embodies interesting phases of current life, and when one has got once started it is certainly interesting. I do not make so much of the characters; they seem to me little more than abstractions suggested by ideas that are very common nowadays. The delightful beauty who readily becomes a successful designer of stage costumes, the keen corporation lawyer who deals so excellently with big cases that he piles up enormous fees, the alienist who knows absolutely everything about the human mind, the theatrical producer who brings glittering success out of sordid chaos,—these people seem to me, not mere puppets, but hardly the real thing. One follows out the story rather with the feeling that here are a man and woman doing so and so, as they work out an interesting problem in married life. It is not that one has two absolute people living among others of their kind, and doing what seemed obvious or necessary. The problem remains abstract, still a problem; one has always to decide whether she was right or wrong, and so on. Mr. Webster's whole course of literary life makes this sort of thing natural to him. His young lady in one place refers to the novels of Mr. Robert W. Chambers as though they stood for an impossibly wonderful world, and the remark makes one think that Mr. Webster's own world is not so very different. It is too splendid a world for ordinary people; we should be lost in it,—at least I should. I could not stand the pace for a minute; I should feel awkwardly silent in the brilliant conversation of those delightful dinners; I should find myself pushed into a corner at the thought even of those glorious

* THE REAL ADVENTURE. By Henry Kitchell Webster. Illustrated. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Co.

THE STRANGERS' WEDDING. By W. L. George. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.

WITHIN THE TIMES. By Joseph Conrad. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co.

compellers of success. The atmosphere is too bracing, too smart, too superlative.

All that makes it rather hard to take the book seriously. Mr. Webster certainly does one thing worth doing: he takes the real woman's view. Not that all women would do just what his heroine did,—of course not; few would do such things, and not many more would approve of them. But a woman would understand why she does what she does, why she feels as she is said to feel. The problem is still abstract, but the point of view is right. And that (when it comes to thinking) is a very important thing. One wants to look at the problem rightly; after all, the sociological thinker has to abstract his ideas from the concrete realities of fiction. Should he not be glad to have the author do the abstracting for him? Perhaps he would,—though one might ask, Why the novel?

Mr. George is of course a different sort of person from Mr. Webster: he is much more of a student of social conditions; he writes novels, one is told, to diffuse his social and philosophical ideas. He is a student of the nature of women and of society in general. He comes to his novel from the opposite side. Mr. Webster knows all one could desire about making novels, and about sociology he knows what he has gathered by general or special observation. When, a few years ago, Mr. George turned from journalism to fiction he had given careful study to economic problems, and knew in a practical way as much about making novels as anybody else on the outside. So one has rather a different feeling about his handling of problems and questions and such things. Mr. George deals with a very different world from that of Mr. Webster,—the world of the East End of London. And the average reader is less familiar with the life of poor people in London than he is with the life of rich people in Chicago. Still one guesses that Mr. George is a little superlative, too,—not sumptuous but still rather exciting. Few of us have the experience necessary to estimate the truth to life of the evening wherein a man comes up from Oxford to Paddington, dines unwisely and too well with three Oxford men, goes to the "European" rather flushed, goes somewhere afterward in a cab with a lord proverbially drunk and two (perfect) ladies, is thrown out of the somewhere into the street minus his watch, sees London wake, asks a tramp to have a cup of coffee and finds him dead. It may be absolutely true truth, but at first it is a little exhilarating. Afterward the atmosphere is less exciting (or is it that we get used to it?), and we follow with appreciation Mr. Roger

Huncote as he goes to the St. Panwich Lay Settlement, and in course of time marries "a girl of the people." The last part of the book tells how they got on together.

If Mr. George has a problem or an idea (and I presume he has; I think I get it), he has been most successful in embodying it in forms of life. The life that he presents is not familiar to me (except in snatches), and yet I think I see how exactly this and that must have happened. This daughter of a washerwoman who marries a gentleman,—how natural seems everything that she does, from putting on all her jewels at her first dinner and going upstairs to take them off when she observes that the other women do not wear so many, to her sudden escape to Ramsgate where she gets kissed by a stray man with whom she falls into acquaintance. The book is full of life; in fact, it is not at all obvious just what idea there is in it. This is quite delightful,—one can read it without any notion of idea. It is not tremendously solid, it leaves out a good deal; one has little idea what this man and woman did all day to fill up the time. It does seem a little casual that within a year after marriage he should be taking up vague golf-sticks and going off to spend the day with no apparent interest in what his wife might be doing at home. But a novelist cannot tell everything, and Mr. George tells a great deal.

One of these books supplements the other. In "The Great Adventure" the woman feels that married life, as she and her husband understand it, puts her in an unworthy position. With all the devoted love between herself and her husband, she feels that she needs to be something really different from what she is. She says at first that she is practically a mistress, a prostitute. When she comes to have some personal acquaintance with mistresses and prostitutes, she feels that that was a very crude and unjust way of putting things; but still she feels that the true married life demands more than the kind of love she and her husband seem to have. "The Strangers' Wedding" presents a man and a woman who love each other so that, in spite of immense difference in character and habits and education, they are sometimes absolutely united in spirit. Sue, the daughter of the London washerwoman, has none of the ideas of Rose, the daughter of the American feminist. She does not argue about these things at all; but she does subtly feel, and so does her husband, as time goes on, that the passionate bond between them is not enough; even their most perfect reconciliations are not permanent. Rose, with a clear head and a loving

heart, devises a remedy, and carries it through in spite of its drastic necessities. Sue does not. One should read both books.

Such things are interesting and absorbing, but it is a pleasure to turn for just a moment to Mr. Joseph Conrad. Mr. Conrad's latest book is a collection of stories written a few years ago; nor is any one of these stories as fine as his best. But it is a pleasure to have something else by him for all that. It is not that one wants to get away from sordid or splendid conditions to exotic adventures and wide horizons; for in Mr. Webster and Mr. George we have quite as desperate adventures and quite as alluring horizons as may be found in the *Seven Seas*. Nor is it that it is a relief to get away from problems and ideas, for in Mr. Conrad there is usually a deeper problem and a more determined idea even than whether women ought to be independent in marriage or whether it is wise to marry "out of one's class." It is perhaps that in Mr. Conrad's stories there is almost always a vital intensity, an absolute originality, which one recognizes at once and likes. These stories give us some of those cross-purposes and misfits which seem to make up the detail of Mr. Conrad's view of life, but they give them to us so that we recognize that what they give us is life.

EDWARD E. HALE.

BRIEFS ON NEW BOOKS.

*Social problems
of to-day.*

The "Essays in Social Justice" by Professor T. N. Carver of Harvard University, will provide wholesome food for thought to many who are feeling out toward a better understanding of the vexing and perplexing problems that face society. But for an obvious obsession with the Malthusian doctrine on the part of the writer, and an apparent lingering belief in the outworn wage-fund theory, there is little in the book with which the most liberal and advanced political thinker could quarrel. Professor Carver betrays his Malthusian leanings in the reiterated affirmation that "economic scarcity" is the dominating factor in the regulation of human relationships; and this inevitably invites the opposition of a reader who has had opportunities for observing that the worst periods of destitution and social misery have coincided with those in which the granaries have been overstocked with food-stuffs and the warehouses stacked ceiling-high with clothing,—for all of which their owners were eagerly seeking consumers. In his repeated suggestions, again,

that by abstaining from consumption and investing one's savings in the purchase of real capital, i. e. tools, one can best benefit society, we seem to hear an echo of the old theory, dead and buried as was thought, that the possible employment of labor is limited by the amount of capital in circulation. The population theory and the wage-fund doctrine have been too completely discredited to admit of a modern reader reconsidering with patience a revival of them in any shape. One regrets the more that the author should thus have invited opposition in the opening chapters of his book, on finding in the later essays a sufficiently clear elucidation of the root causes of that which distresses us all, the persistence of poverty amidst abounding wealth. There is something not only original but singularly convincing in the way in which Professor Carver diagnoses the economic maladjustments and disharmonies in society, and traces them to a cause which, when pointed out, vindicates itself as the true one. If to produce a given result in sufficient quantity, the writer argues, various factors are necessary, it is evident that a restriction of the supply of one of the factors will restrict the quantity of the product, and to the extent of that restriction render the unbalanced surplus of the other factors useless or superfluous. "The first problem in any system of distribution is to search for the limiting factor or factors." Here is the central thought upon which the essay on "The Cure for Poverty" turns. It is shown as the pivot on which "the law of diminishing returns" revolves. Its universal bearing on the problems of vocational training, and on the distribution in their proper proportions of administrative ability and unskilled labor, is revealed in a way that carries conviction. The light that flows from the idea of the limiting factor in production is thrown upon the inevitable effect of withholding land from use, in a manner that will satisfy the most radical of sociologists. If a reviewer could feel justified in fault-finding with so excellent a book, he might perhaps suggest that the author, in common with many other sociological writers, betrays a lack of faith in the tendency of human affairs to go right of themselves under conditions of freedom. The true spirit of democracy lies in the stubborn conviction that if a solid substratum of justice can be discovered in "equality of opportunity," the various factors in the production of social harmony may be trusted to sort themselves out and arrange themselves in right proportions, without regimentation or external aid of any kind. (Harvard University Press.)

*Boyhood memories
of the Concord
immortals.*

The Alcott family in the Fruitlands days and immediately afterward, with Emerson, Thoreau, Hawthorne, Margaret Fuller, and Thomas Starr King, are vividly recalled in the boyhood memories of the late Dr. Frederick L. H. Willis, who enjoys the distinction of being the original of Louisa Alcott's "Laurie," of "Little Women" fame. "Alcott Memoirs" (Badger) is a thin volume, posthumously edited from the fragmentary notes of Dr. Willis by his daughter, Mrs. Edith Willis Linn, assisted by Mr. Henri Bazin. Being the only boy playmate of the Alcott girls, except William Lane (son of Charles Lane, the "Brother Lion" of "Transcendental Wild Oats"), Llewellyn Willis, as he was called in those days, had exceptional opportunities to mingle with the members and friends of the Alcott family; and he valued this rare good fortune, even though he was too young to know just how good it was. Sufficiently impressed was he, even as a light-hearted boy, by the appearance and the utterances of men and women like Alcott and Emerson and Thoreau, Mrs. Alcott and Margaret Fuller, to be able many years later to recall those impressions and some of those utterances. Of such, therefore, is the substance of the book, a precious fragment of the designed but never completed larger autobiographic volume we should like to have had from Dr. Willis's pen. He died nearly two years ago at the age of eighty-four, with more of varied experience and of association with noted men and women to look back upon than falls to the lot of many. In its unstudied, frank, and intimate way, his recollection of the Concord celebrities who helped to mould his character at the impressionable period of his life is a pleasing aid to our visualization of those celebrities.

*A compendium
for American
militarists.*

Of the numerous books on American "preparedness," Mr. Fred-eric Huidekoper's "The Military Unpreparedness of the United States" (Macmillan) is the most ambitious and, as it seems to us, the best. It is a massive volume, chiefly devoted to the military history and policy of the United States. The portion dealing with the subject up to 1862 is a recasting of Upton's well known book, the portion since that date is original. The whole is abundantly buttressed with tables, references, and notes, and represents a tremendous amount of labor. The author's purpose is to urge the need of greater land forces. Five chapters are given to the lessons of our wars, and some of the conclusions are that the regular army has always been too small, never properly organized, and

invariably without adequate reserves; that the enlistment period has been foolish, and recruiting has been made worse by the bounty system; that too much reliance has been placed on raw troops, causing needless protraction of our wars and corresponding expense; that adequate equipment was never on hand when war began; that war cannot be conducted efficiently unless a government wields its power despotically,—that is, without a general staff. Mr. Huidekoper's programme calls for a regular army of 250,000 men, a reserve to the regular army of 420,000, besides a continental army and the National Guard. He also urges the necessity of organizing our national resources, enlarging the military academy, increasing the number of officers, extending the system of military training camps, keeping track of all available men, and placing military finance under a budget system. The effect of such a system, and its compatibility with American ideals, is not seriously discussed. Indeed, these are questions which may quite properly be excluded from a book of this character, which is concerned solely with the military factors of the case. But, though excluded from the book, they cannot be ignored in life. The adoption of the reforms here advocated would mean a change in the American point of view. This point of view may now be wrong,—indeed, this book contends in effect that it is. But when the objection to our former ideals comes from military circles, and when our life and system are to be transformed to meet conditions determined by men with the martial point of view, we cannot ignore the fact that it represents a genuine change in our conceptions of the relation of the military to the civil power, and of the functions of the latter in our institutions. When national defence becomes the pivot on which our national life turns, we shall have something fundamentally different; and this is a circumstance that we cannot afford to ignore.

*An "honest"
biography of
Joe Chamberlain.*

Shortly after the termination of the active career of Joseph Chamberlain, ten years ago, there was added to the growing list of biographies of the statesman an interesting and well informed study by Mr. Alexander Mackintosh. A revised and enlarged edition of Mr. Mackintosh's book, under the title "Joseph Chamberlain: An Honest Biography" (Hodder & Stoughton), has lately appeared. Biographies of Chamberlain fall into three groups. The first consists of those in which, despite its apparent glaring incongruities, the career of the man is depicted as being fundamentally

consistent. The second consists of those in which the virtue (if it be one) of consistency is entirely denied and the man is represented as a politician of life-long ambition who having failed in one course recklessly tried another. The third group is represented by Mr. Mackintosh's book, wherein it is shown that "the changes in Mr. Chamberlain's case were unusually numerous and violent, that they affected nearly every great secular subject discussed in his time, and that they occurred not only in the judgments of his youth, but in those of his mature and ripe manhood; but wherein, also, the writer, instead of pronouncing a verdict upon the motives involved, undertakes simply to 'present the whole case to the jury.'" Having watched Mr. Chamberlain from the gallery of the House of Commons for a full quarter-century, and having made a diligent study of his subject, the author should have been in a position to submit the facts both accurately and fully. And it must be said that, on the whole, he has lived up to his opportunity. Praise is accorded here and censure there, but most of the time the narrative flows unobstructed by the intrusion of personal opinion. Appended to the biography proper is a collection of the statesman's more noteworthy expressions of opinion on political matters, arranged in parallel columns so that the reader may observe at a glance the contrasts which appear in utterances of different dates. It may be presumed that the pronouncements of most political leaders who have been long before the public could be culled with results also more or less startling. And no judgment concerning the honesty, or even the consistency, of any person should be arrived at from the contemplation of disjointed data of this character. If utilized in close conjunction with his text, Mr. Mackintosh's exhibit of "Chamberlainiana" is useful; otherwise it is misleading.

The whimsical monologue of a man of moods.

Baffling at first, and somewhat so to the end, is the whimsical monologue entitled "The Soliloquy of a Hermit," by Mr. Theodore Francis Powys. Not exactly a hermit does he show himself to be, after all, for he walks and talks with his fellow-men and manifests a lively interest in the world about him. Better might he have called his book "The Soliloquy of a Satirist," since satire of a delightful sort crops out on almost every page. Of a certain Mr. Thomas (though that is not his real name) who inhabits a red house in the village of Blank, the author writes: "I cannot say that I think that God has expressed His di-

vine purpose very well in this kind of a man, — a man that does not even know how to treat a tradesman, and who will thank a porter for doing what he is paid to do." And of himself, his chief theme, he says: "I take my life as I find it, and live it to myself as everyone does. As I am a priest, I never give anything away; it is a natural law of my nature not to give, but always to receive." Then he amusingly relates with ostensible frankness an incident illustrating his own alleged stinginess. Again, in characteristic vein, he writes: "It is much better, I have found, to love a chair than to love a person; there is often more of God in a chair." The fiction of his priesthood is humorously maintained through the book. "Avoid the good ones," he counsels little children, near the close of his soliloquy, "and go and dance with those that take and eat honestly the lion's share. We know that Lion; there is something honest and open about him; the immortal laughter surround him as he gambols and frolics in new-mown hay." Truly, a satirist and humorist of a different kidney from the ordinary sort is this companionable hermit. There is many a chuckle in his little book. (New York: G. Arnold Shaw.)

Popularizing English legal history.

Counted by centuries, the history of English law is a long one. Only special students of the subject are familiar with the story of how, out of beginnings crude and fortuitous, there has emerged after a thousand years the present status of acts, principles, and procedure which combine to make up the British constitution. An account of these legal institutions has usually been regarded as attractive only to that rare student of the law who would enrich his professional training by a knowledge of the complex historical processes which created it. The ever-widening reach of the curriculum, however, might very reasonably admit an introduction to a side of national development so interesting and fundamental as the evolution of English law and judicature. The absence of convenient aids for the purpose has doubtless been a leading obstacle to such instructors of English history and politics as were disposed to supplement their course-requirements with knowledge of a legislative character. Professor James F. Colby, of the Dartmouth College law school, has helped to supply the gap by the publication of "A Sketch of English Legal History" (Putnam). He has brought together a series of articles on the history of English law contributed a few years since to Traill's "Social England" by those well known authorities,

Frederic W. Maitland and Francis C. Mottague. The editor has supplemented many pages of the text with footnotes, consisting for the most part of carefully selected excerpts from the more elaborate works of Pollock and Maitland and of Professor Edward Jenks. The text itself is written in language sufficiently clear and untechnical to interest the general reader and the student of English history. It presents the continuity of English legal development from the Saxon "Dooms" of Ethelbert, Ine, and Alfred to the Insurance Act of 1911. The first three chapters consider the genesis of the earliest Saxon codes, the Norman adaptation of these and their conversion from the vernacular into the Latin language; certain borrowings from the canon law of the church, the origin of trial by jury in the Frankish *missi*, and the foundation of the common law by the king's judges, beginning with Henry II. The rest of the narrative embraces an account of the development of statutory forms, of the lawyer class, and judicial procedure. Few books give so forceful an impression of the real character of the English people. Their lack of idealism in things legal appears from their practical satisfaction with what is customary. Nevertheless, English law with the lapse of time has evolved wonderfully beneficent changes. It has preferred not to expedite its career through the light of theory, or to borrow freely from sources foreign to its own experience. Professor Colby has distinctly served the needs of education by the publication of these valuable articles in a single volume, together with his own useful selection of supplementary notes, chapter-references for further reading, and appendices containing the laws of Ethelbert and extracts from various sources and commentaries.

Mr. Alan Lethbridge's "The New Russia, from the White Sea to the Siberian Steppe" (Dutton) is an unadorned recital of occurrences and observations incident to an extended journey, in 1914, through the great northern stretches of European and Asiatic Russia. If the author had any preponderant purpose in writing the book, it must have been that of disabusing his readers' minds of commonly prevailing notions concerning the forbidding features of this little-visited section of the world. In the first place, he describes in detail the preparations made by himself and his wife for the contemplated journey, and gives practical advice to the prospective traveller, laying much emphasis upon the kindness of the people who will be encountered and the generally

satisfactory character of the means of transportation and of entertainment in such regions as have any considerable population. In the next place, he describes the economic development which is in progress in great districts eastward from the White Sea to north-central Siberia—the opening of oil-fields, the extension of the lumber industry, the building of railroads, and the growth of trade. And, finally, he pictures, with moderation yet with earnestness, the future settlement and utilization of vast territories which the world generally supposes to be altogether ill-adapted to the support of a substantial civilization. Among existing cities and towns whose appearance and life are described with some fullness are Archangel, Solovetz, Veliki Ustjug ("the Florence of the north"), Perm, Ekaterinburg, and Omsk. Dealing as it does only with the Russian "far north," the volume supplements in a useful manner the various books of Russian travel in which attention is given almost exclusively to other portions of the Muscovite dominion. The illustrations, from photographs by the author, are many and excellent.

Colonization as the source of war.

Several well written and suggestive but loosely related essays make up the first part of Mr. Walter Lippmann's "The Stakes of Diplomacy" (Holt). The core of the book, however, consists of the second part, in which are discussed the causes of strife between nations and the remedies therefor. With convincing skill it is pointed out that trouble between nations usually arises in the backward parts of the earth, where the powers are competing for advantage. These parts are designated as "arenas of conflict." Conflicts in this field are often not susceptible of arbitration because they involve a nation's prestige; and no nation will consent to a diminution of its position by anything short of force, if for no other reason than that any concession would weaken its chances when the next difference arises. Mr. Lippmann proposes joint control by the powers of these arenas of conflict. A basis for this suggestion he finds in the arrangements made for the Congo in 1885, and in the Algeiras Conference in 1905. He would have the conferences which settle international questions as they arise continue as international commissions to control the execution of such conventions as are agreed upon. Thus, there would in due time be a number of international commissions, each charged with some international problem. Though no doubt a fruit of Mr. Lippmann's independent thinking, his proposal is by no means a new one. It is noth-

ing other than the *Zweckverband* which Alfred Fried of Vienna has been urging these past twenty years. Indeed, the proposal has been an actual fact for some decades in the Danube River Commission; and the principle was applied in the joint administration of Crete and Samoa, in the control of the Ottoman Debt, and—as noted by the author—in the Congo, not to mention other instances. The value of Mr. Lippmann's book lies not in its originality, but in its popularization and advocacy of the soundest method so far discovered for stopping war at its chief source.

*Huntresses of
the insect
world.*

The first volume of the now famous "Souvenirs Entomologiques" forms the fifth one in the series of translations by Mr. Alexander Teixeira de Mattos of the works of the illustrious French naturalist, Henri Fabre. It appears under the title, "The Hunting Wasps" (Dodd, Mead & Co.), and it includes an account of Fabre's observations on the remarkable habits and instincts of those solitary wasps whose larvæ are hidden in burrows in the earth, and whose larder the mother stocks with insects, with rare beetles of a particular species, with crickets, grasshoppers, or with caterpillars. Each species of wasp selects a particular kind of prey, which it prepares for underground storage by paralyzing each victim upon capture by stinging it in the appropriate nerve centres. The helpless captive is thus unable to resist the forays of the delicate larva or to do violence to it. Fabre's ingenious experiments demonstrate that this habit rests upon a series of complicated instincts, coming into function in a more or less rigid sequence, which the parent faithfully continues to the end although the experimenter's interference has visibly robbed the operation of all value. Instinct thus knows everything in the undeviating paths marked out for it; it knows nothing outside those paths. The book includes a discussion of the modern or evolutionary theory of instinct, which the author's observations do not lead him to support. With keen rapier thrusts, he finds the weak spots in the elder Darwin's observations on these insects, and with relentless argument and array of facts he undermines Darwin's argument for the origin of the reasoning faculty from such fixed instincts. The author also pleads at length for the existence of an unknown sixth sense, beyond human experience, to explain some of the unerring and remarkable perceptions of these wasps. While his criticisms of the evolutionary significance of the provisioning instinct may well give us pause, in view

of his extensive and critical observations, and make us re-examine our glib explanations of these extraordinary phenomena, it is doubtful if this suggestion of a mysterious unknown sense will bear the test of modern physiological experimentation. This volume will be of particular interest to American readers because of the more recent investigations of Dr. and Mrs. Peckham on the American hunting wasps. The subject is itself full of novelty and unfailing interest, and is of fundamental scientific importance as illustrating one of the most highly specialized and complicated series of instincts thus far observed. In the hands of this master observer, these are revealed to the reader in simple yet remarkably accurate fashion, with loving enthusiasm and the zest of conquest, and with a dramatic power unrivalled in the literature of natural history.

*Outlines of
Belgian history.*

The essence of the lectures on Belgian history delivered last winter at the University of Chicago by M. Léon Van der Essen, visiting professor from Louvain, is now made available to a wider public in the "Short History of Belgium" (University of Chicago Press). In no sense a "war book," it traces the story of the provinces which form the modern state of Belgium from the time when Cæsar declared that the Belgæ were the bravest of all the Gauls to the death of Leopold II (57 B.C.—1910 A.D.). In his preface the author states his belief that a knowledge of the past history of his country may help to a clearer understanding of "why the Belgian nation of today took the stand it has taken in the great war and preferred honor in place of dishonor, and struggle for freedom in place of ease." He concludes with the hope that the reader may find historical support for the belief dear to Belgian hearts to-day: Belgians never can be slaves. "The national culture of Belgium is a synthesis, if I may so call it, where one finds the genius of two races—the Romance and the Germanic—mingled, yet modified by the imprint of the distinctively Belgian. It is in that very receptivity—the fact that it has absorbed and unified the best elements of Latin and Teutonic civilization—that the originality of the Belgian national culture resides." Belonging thus by race to two nationalities, the whole history of Belgium has been a struggle for independence: first that of the communes to win recognition of their rights from feudal lords; that of Lotharingia to free itself from Germany; and that of Flanders to shake off the fetters of France. United in the fifteenth century under the dukes of Burgundy, these provinces had still

to struggle against the Spanish, the Austrian, the French, and finally the Dutch rule, and won recognition as an independent and perpetually neutral state in 1830. A single episode must suffice to show the temper of the people. In the twelfth century the Count of Hainaut, a loyal partisan of Emperor Frederick Barbarossa, maintained that his first duty was to his county. In a war between Germany and France he declared that "he was not obliged to put his fortresses in the hands of the imperial troops and to grant them passage through his territory, as that would bring devastation to his country. His country being located between Germany and France, he ought to remain neutral during this war." We are irresistibly reminded of Verhaeren's verses,—

"Je suis le fils de cette race
Tenace,
Qui veut, après avoir voulu
Encore, encore et encore plus."

Leaders from
"The Times."

Although three of its pages are devoted to "Books in War-Time," the collection of "Modern Essays" (Longmans) reprinted from the editorial columns of the London "Times" is agreeably and intentionally free from matter of only ephemeral significance. As Professor J. W. Mackail says in introducing the book, "the 'third leaders' in *The Times* of which this volume is a selection are meant . . . to turn the reader from affairs and interests of the moment to a consideration 'of man, of nature, and of human life' in their larger, more permanent aspect." Like the essays of the "Spectator," "Tatler," "Rambler," and their kind, these later bits of daily observation and reflection are made to measure and according to a pre-arranged plan, maintaining a remarkable similarity of style and structure under a diversity of authorship. Occasional classical allusions or quotations betray, most welcome, the university man behind the pen. Many of England's famous authors have served an apprenticeship, after leaving Oxford or Cambridge, on one or another of the great London journals, to the advantage of all concerned. Thus it is not improbable that many or perhaps most of these well-written leaders are the work of promising young university men of whom the world will hear more in the future and in less anonymous fashion. To tempt the reader, let a few headings from the book's contents be here displayed. The essays treat of such themes as curiosity, ugliness, paradox, charlatans, priggishness, childishness, grumbling, the Latin genius, practical jokes, philosophy and poetry,

unorthodoxy, naughtiness, and many others equally inviting. It is a book for the odd moments of leisure, not for continuous reading.

Luther's works
in English
dress.

Probably Martin Luther comes nearer than any of his countrymen to being the typical German. It was his ambition and his pride to be and to speak "deutsch." He seems to have had a keen sense of the primitive meaning of this word, which is, "of the people," "vernacular." That he was so thoroughly German does not make it more difficult to interpret him to the English world, since the two stocks and languages are so closely kin. Considering the persistent vitality of so much of Luther's message to the world,—even to the modern world,—it is a cause of congratulation that a group of Lutheran scholars have undertaken to present a large portion of the reformer's work to the English public. There are to be ten volumes, of approximately four hundred pages each; and it would seem that this is none too little space for the well informed general reader to give on his shelves to so significant a force in the world's development. The two volumes already issued extend only to the year 1522, and include, therefore, theological essays chiefly; although not a few of these, such as the famous Address to the German Nobility, touch problems of life and society that are still vital. Luther was a splendid heretic socially as well as religiously, and his utterances on profit-taking (*Wucher*) and commerce, on the duties of rulers, on the rights of citizens, though often biased by a peculiar clerical myopia, will give the upholders of the established order little satisfaction. Rather let it be said that advocates of some of the most promising reforms of our day in the direction of true Christianity will find his writings a rich armory of offence and defence. The translators have done work worthy of their subject, as have also the publishers—Messrs. A. J. Holman & Co. of Philadelphia.

BRIEFER MENTION.

Up to the present, Middle English literature, used as a *corpus vile* for linguistic dissection, has not taken its rightful place either in our college curricula or in the estimation of the general cultivated reader. To assist in breaking down our prejudices and removing the difficulties of language, Professor Cook has prepared a "Literary Middle English Reader" (Ginn). Here for the first time we have a splendidly comprehensive collection of the actual texts without learned apparatus, save brief introductions and foot-note glossaries. Here one with ordinary intelligence may read pre-Elizabethan texts primarily for enjoyment. This book

should do much to bring our students to an enthusiastic appreciation of much in earlier English literature.

In a pamphlet of sixty-six pages, "reprinted for private distribution from *Papers of the Bibliographical Society of America, Volume IX, Nos. 3-4*," Mr. George Watson Cole presents some interesting facts about "Book-Collectors as Benefactors of Public Libraries." Both voluntarily, either in their lifetime or after their death, and involuntarily, when their possessions have passed beyond their control, collectors have been the means of preserving for public use thousands of rare and valuable books that would otherwise have been lost to the world. Many instances of such benefaction are cited by Mr. Cole, and he adds much related matter concerning the history of books and printing and collecting. Portraits of famous book-collectors are inserted, and a convenient "syllabus" of the entire treatise is appended.

The papers read before the Aristotelian Society during the thirty-sixth session, 1914-5, have been gathered into a volume which is issued by Messrs. Williams & Norgate of London. Following the initial essay on "Science and Philosophy" by Dr. Bernard Bosanquet are several papers by members of the Society on related subjects. They include: "Notes on Berkeley's Doctrine," by Professor C. Lloyd Morgan; "Conflicting Social Obligations," by Mr. G. D. H. Cole; "The 'Æsthetic' of Benedetto Croce," by Mr. Albert A. Coek; "The Philosophy of Values," by Dr. Tudor Jones; "Phenomenalism," by Mr. C. D. Broad; "Mr. Russell's Theory of Judgment," by Professor G. F. Stout; "The Philosophy of Maine de Biran," by Professor Arthur Robinson; "Complexity and Synthesis," by Mrs. Adrian Stephen; and "Some Theories of Knowledge," by Dr. F. Aveling.

The "Universal Pronouncing Dictionary of Biography and Mythology" (Lippincott), edited by Dr. Joseph Thomas, has now after twenty years of usefulness passed into a fourth edition. Its merits as a standard work of reference have long been recognized. The publishers announce that it has been thoroughly revised; yet tested in the field of modern literature the following curiosities, among many others, have been disclosed: Booth Tarkington (American) is represented as having written nothing later than 1909; John Galsworthy (English), no mention; H. G. Wells (English), a list of his novels up to 1908 "and many others," together with the misleading statement that his novels are highly imaginative in character; Selma Lagerlöf (Swedish), inadequate mention and name misspelled; Herman Sudermann (German), mention of one work only, a drama, followed by the worthless, space-filling tag (dear to every reviser or hack writer of encyclopædias) "his novels were widely read"; Romain Rolland (French), Emile Verhaeren (Belgian), Anton Tchekhoff (Russian), no mention. Let us hope we have stumbled upon the weakest link in the chain. In fact, we are convinced that we have, upon turning to the brief but thoroughly adequate account of President Wilson, which even includes a reference to his policies of "watchful waiting" and "strict neutrality."

NOTES.

Mr. William Locke's new novel, "Vivette," is announced for March publication by the John Lane Co.

A new thin-paper edition in fifteen volumes of the works of Tourgueniev is promised by Messrs. Macmillan.

"The Man of Promise" is the title of a forthcoming novel by Mr. Willard Huntington Wright, to be published by the John Lane Co.

Sir Rabindranath Tagore has written his autobiography, which is now appearing serially in the monthly "Modern Review" of Calcutta.

A volume of Russian stories by Vladimir Korolenko has been translated by Miss Marian Fell and will be issued by Messrs. Duffield under the title of "Makar's Dream."

A biography of the late Charles Frohman has been prepared by his business associate and friend, Mr. John D. Williams, and will be issued under the title of "C. F."

The Swedish thinker, Ellen Key, has written a book on "War, Peace, and the Future," which is soon to appear in an English translation made by Mrs. Hildegard Norberg.

Professor Charles Seymour's study of "The Diplomatic Background of the War: Germany and Europe, 1870-1914" is promised for April issue by the Yale University Press.

"Our Early Wild Flowers," a little volume by Miss Harriet L. Keeler describing all the spring wild flowers of the northern states, will be issued immediately by Messrs. Scribner.

"Antwerp to Gallipoli: A Year of War on Many Fronts—and behind Them" is the title of Mr. Arthur Ruhl's record of his war experiences, which Messrs. Scribner announce.

An English translation of "The Woman Who Killed," a new novel by M. Jules Bois about which our Paris correspondent had something to say recently, is promised for spring publication by Messrs. Dodd, Mead & Co.

The lectures on "The Presidency: Its Powers, Duties, Responsibilities, and Limitations," delivered at Columbia University during the winter by ex-President Taft, will be published shortly by the Columbia University Press.

"The Book of the Popes (Liber Pontificalis)," translated and edited by Dr. Louise R. Loomis, promised for early issue by the Columbia University Press, will form the second volume in the series, "Records of Civilization."

In Professor Kuno Francke's "The German Spirit," which Messrs. Holt announce, the author endeavors to present a view of contemporary Germany which may help Americans to understand German achievements and aspirations.

A new book by Mr. G. Lowes Dickinson will shortly be published under the title, "The European Anarchy." In it the author discusses the underlying causes of the war and the possibilities of a movement toward better things in the future.

A two-volume translation of Treitschke's "Politics" will shortly be issued by the Macmillan Co. The Right Honorable Arthur James Balfour has prepared an Introduction to this important work, which will contribute to an understanding of German philosophy and the German attitude of mind.

The official biography of William McKinley, prepared by Mr. Charles S. Ocott, is one of the interesting spring announcements of Messrs. Houghton Mifflin Co. The volume presents a complete record of the late president's achievements, and gives an intimate view of his private and official life.

Two volumes of letters and reminiscences of Alfred Russel Wallace, by Mr. James Marchant, are to be published during the spring. The author knew Wallace personally, and bases his work on the intimate recollections of his family and friends, as well as upon a mass of unpublished correspondence.

"Cicero: A Sketch of His Life and Works," by Mr. Hannis Taylor, will be one of the spring publications of Messrs. McClurg. The work consists in the main of a commentary on the Roman Constitution and Roman public life, supplemented by the sayings of Cicero, arranged for the first time as an anthology.

"War and Society," by Professor Edward B. Krehbiel, will soon be ready for publication. The volume is designed as an introduction to the study of the whole anti-war movement, and is for the use of college classes, international polity clubs, peace study clubs, women's clubs, and all who wish to familiarize themselves with the subject.

In "A Wiltshire Parson and His Friends," which Messrs. Houghton will soon publish, Mr. Garland Greever has brought together a large body of unpublished correspondences between Coleridge and the poet Bowles and other well known characters of the time. The book promises to be one of the most important literary contributions of the season.

Among the topics discussed in Mr. H. G. Wells's forthcoming volume entitled "What Is Coming: A Forecast of Things after the War," are the possibilities of a World State; "Will Peace be Permanent?"; "How will mankind stand towards each other?"; "What will be the position of female suffrage?"; and "Will the British Empire remain intact?"

A variorum edition (the first to be attempted) of Shakespeare's Sonnets has been made by Mr. Raymond Macdonald Alden, and will appear next month with the Houghton Mifflin Co.'s imprint. The text of the quarto of 1609 is printed *verbatim et literatim*, and each sonnet is followed by the variant readings of the most authoritative editions and by interpretive notes from the leading commentators. A full bibliography will be included.

The expansion of the Russian Empire and after-the-war problems will be discussed in Mr. Stephen Graham's new book announced under the title, "Through Russian Central Asia." Mr. Graham was in the heart of Asiatic Russia—among the

Altai Mountains—when the first news of the war reached him, having journeyed thence from the Caucasus by way of the Caspian Sea, Bokhara, and the Persian frontier, and the borderland between Mongolia and Siberia.

The new volume of Mr. Bernard Shaw's plays, to be issued shortly, will contain "Androcles and the Lion," "Overruled," and "Pygmalion." Following his usual practice, Mr. Shaw has supplied to this volume a preface occupying over a hundred pages, which is entitled "Why Not Give Christianity a Trial?" "Pygmalion" is printed with a sequel, in which the author, changing the dramatic form to that of ordinary prose narrative, continues the history of the persons of the drama.

"Vision and Vesture: A Study of William Blake in Modern Thought," by Mr. Charles Gardner, is announced for spring issue. It discusses the question whether modern thought is inspired by Blake's teaching, or whether Blake was so much ahead of his time that he surpassed at one leap "the false dilemmas of the nineteenth century and began at those conclusions which are our new beginning in the twentieth." In this connection the author considers Ibsen, Nietzsche, Strindberg, and other thinkers who have been directly influenced by Blake, and the lessons which he teaches for the world of to-day.

The Ontario Library Association's annual book-list ("A Selected List of Books") for 1915 is in two parts, though each part covers the whole literary field as mapped out by Mr. Dewey. Part one is sub-titled, "Selections from the Books of 1915," but part two calls itself "Selections from the Books of the First Half of 1915." A hasty examination leads one to infer that neither section concerns itself with the later publications of 1915, these doubtless being reserved for future treatment. Small libraries especially will find these lists useful. They are issued by the Department of Education of the Province of Ontario.

Dr. James Mercer Garnett, former president of St. John's College, Annapolis, Md., and an occasional contributor to THE DIAL for the past ten years or more, died at his home in Baltimore on February 18. He was born at Aldie, Va., in 1840, and was graduated from the University of Virginia. Dr. Garnett served with the Confederate army during the Civil War, part of the time as a captain of artillery. During 1869-70, he studied in Berlin and Leipzig, and in 1870 was appointed president of St. John's, which post he occupied for ten years. Following this, he taught at the University of Virginia and the Woman's College in Baltimore. He was a former President of the American Philological Association and also of the Dialect Society, and Vice President of the Modern Language Association.

Two important contributions to the literature of mysticism are soon to appear with the Dent-Dutton imprint. "The Book of St. Bernard on the Love of God" has been edited and translated by Dr. Edmund G. Gardner, who also includes the Latin text, an introduction on the doctrine of love in mediæval mysticism, and critical and ex-

planatory notes. The translation is the first into English of one of the earliest works of St. Bernard, written before the political and religious controversies of his later years. The other book is a collection of the fourteenth century mystical works of Jan Van Ruysbroek, translated from the original Flemish by C. A. Wynschenk Dom. Only one of Ruysbroek's works has hitherto been rendered into English. The forthcoming volume will contain "The Adornment of the Spiritual Marriage," "The Book of Truth," and "The Sparkling Stone."

Mrs. Sarah Knowles Bolton, author of the "Famous Men and Women" series and numerous other books that have attained wide popularity, died at her home in Cleveland, Ohio, on February 21. She was born at Farmington, Conn., in 1841, and was educated at the Pratt Street Seminary, established by Catherine E. Beecher in 1823. Her first published book, a collection of poems entitled "Orlean Lamar," appeared in 1864. Some thirty volumes, mainly biographical in character, but including also poetry and fiction, have since followed from her pen. From 1878 to 1881, Mrs. Bolton was associate editor of "The Congregationalist"; and the following two years she spent in Europe, studying the higher education of women and social service movements. She was an active and devoted worker in the temperance cause. From 1907 until her death she served as Vice President of the American Humane Education Society. Mrs. Bolton's surviving son, Mr. Charles Knowles Bolton, is librarian of the Boston Athenæum.

TOPICS IN LEADING PERIODICALS.

March, 1916.

Aeroplanes, Modern. Waldemar Kaempfert . . . *Rev. of Revs.*
Amalgamated Copper Co. The. F. E. Richter *Quar. Jour. Econ.*
America, The New. Sydney Brooks . . . *No. Amer.*
Americanism. Agnes Repplier . . . *Atlantic*
Antiquity of Man. The. Clark Wissler . . . *Scientific*
Appalachia, Farming in. J. B. Smith . . . *Rev. of Revs.*
Army Medical Department, The. A. G. Grinnell *Rev. of Revs.*
Belgian Wilderness, The. Vernon L. Kellogg . . . *Atlantic*
Bird Refuges of Louisiana. Theodore Roosevelt . . . *Scribner*
Boytime, Working in. Carl I. Henrikson . . . *Everybody's*
Breeding: The Master Instinct. John Burroughs . . . *Harper*
Brownings, Unpublished Papers of the . . . *Harper*
Bureau of Standards of the United States. H. T. Wade . . . *Rev. of Revs.*
Burns of the Mountains. Emerson Hough . . . *American*
Burton, Senator, Miracle Memory of. James Hay, Jr. *American*
Business after the War. Ray Morris . . . *Atlantic*
Business and Prosperity. Albert W. Atwood . . . *American*
Campaigns as Spring Opens. F. H. Simonds *Rev. of Revs.*
Capitalism and Social Discontent. J. L. Laughlin *No. Amer.*
Change, The Still Small Voice of. John Burroughs *Atlantic*
Changsha and the Chinese. Alfred Reed . . . *Scientific*
China's Forests, Restoring. T. H. Simpson . . . *Rev. of Revs.*
Christ, The Syrian. Abraham M. Ribbany . . . *Atlantic*
Civilisation, Our Drifting. L. P. Jacks . . . *Atlantic*
Colds, Prevention and Cure of. W. J. Cromie . . . *American*
Constitution of New York. G. G. Benjamin . . . *Am. Pol. Sc.*
Criticism, Casts in. Harvey O'Higgins . . . *Century*
Currency and War. A. C. Whitaker . . . *Quar. Jour. Econ.*
Democracy, Problems of. Seymour Deming . . . *Everybody's*
Food Selection. C. F. Langworthy . . . *Scientific*
Goethe: A Forsaken God. Henry D. Sedgwick . . . *Atlantic*
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